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An Australian cattle-rancher of the 'outback' (see page 1009)

Tribunals of Inquiry

By G. W. Keeton

Decaying Town Centres

By Arthur Ling

The Making of Modern Science—II

By M. A. Hoskin

New Light on Building Stonehenge

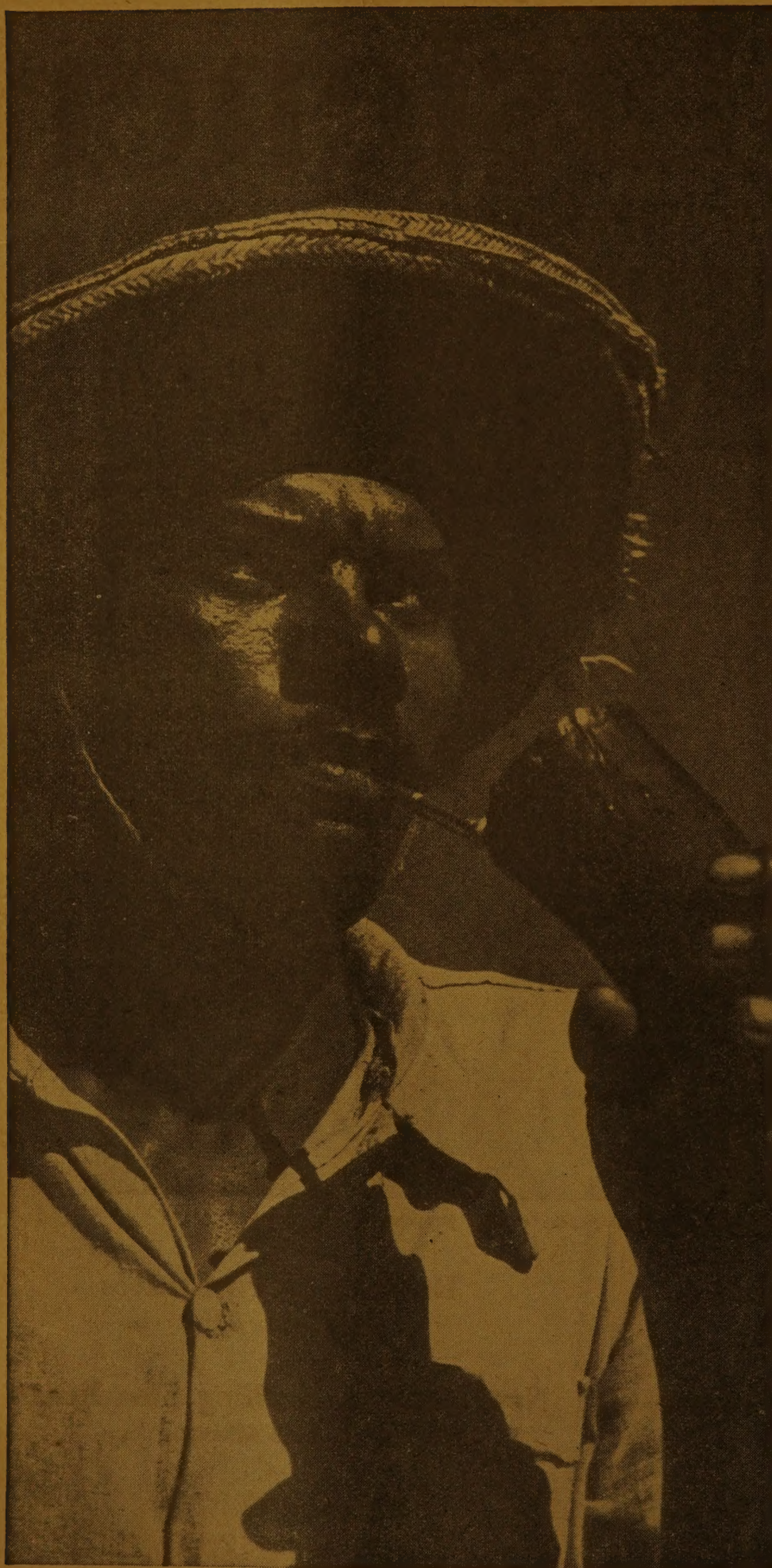
By R. J. C. Atkinson

The Double Gift of Isaac Rosenberg

By Patric Dickinson

Painting the Lily

By Magnus Pyke



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CONTENTS

LAW:					B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	1024
Tribunals of Inquiry (G. W. Keeton)	1007				LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
Damages and Income Tax (J. A. Jolowicz)	1022				From Christopher Ralling, Warwick Smith, H. B. D. Kettlewell, Christopher Hibbert, and W. Baring Pemberton	1028
CURRENT AFFAIRS:					ART:	
Australia: Across 'the Invisible Line' (Christopher Ralling)	1009				A Double Gift (Patric Dickinson)	1030
THE LISTENER:					THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE	1031
The Big Street	1012				CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
What They Are Saying (Derrick Singleton)	1012				Television Documentary (K. W. Gransden)	1036
DID YOU HEAR THAT?					Television Drama (Ivor Brown)	1036
'Glorious Glyndebourne' (Philip Hope-Wallace)	1013				Sound Drama (Ian Rodger)	1037
Figure-heads (Michael Bouquet)	1013				The Spoken Word (David Paul)	1039
Face to Face with Edith Sitwell (Dame Edith Sitwell and John Freeman)	1014				Music (Scott Goddard)	1039
HISTORY:					MUSIC: 'The British Worthy' (A. K. Holland)	1041
On Building Stonehenge (R. J. C. Atkinson)	1015				GARDENING:	
SCIENCE:					Planning Next Year's Flower Beds (F. R. McQuown)	1042
Painting the Lily (Magnus Pyke)	1017				BRIDGE:	
The Making of Modern Science—II. (M. A. Hoskin)	1026				Two Bids in the Acoll System (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese)	1042
POEMS:					BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE	1043
Two Variations on a Japanese Theme (James Kirkup)	1018				NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	1043
Sewing Song (John Holloway)	1018				CROSSWORD NO. 1,515	1043
Byre (Norman MacCaig)	1027					
TOWN PLANNING:						
Decaying Town Centres (Arthur Ling)	1019					

Tribunals of Inquiry

By G. W. KEETON

THE publication of the Report of the Tribunal of Inquiry into the Waters Case has once again raised all the questions which seem to arise when tribunals are established; and for some of them, at any rate, there is no easy solution. On the other hand, it is nearly forty years since the present machinery of tribunals was set up in 1921, and there have now been six inquiries in which the procedure was by way of tribunal. It is therefore possible to draw some conclusions about its utility, and to discuss some of the criticisms which have been made.

The most striking feature of the tribunal of inquiry is that it is a fact-finding body. It is not, and it has never attempted to be, a trial. Indeed, the terms of reference of tribunals are so framed that there is no charge against anyone, even though to the man in the street it may be reasonably plain that certain facts, if established by the tribunal, may reflect upon the conduct of various persons. Moreover, there is nothing in the Tribunals of Inquiry Act, 1921, which requires a judge to be appointed to preside at the inquiry. In actual fact, judges have been appointed to every inquiry which has been ordered, but that is presumably because they are regarded as more experienced in fact-finding than other persons. Usually, three persons are appointed to constitute the tribunal, and in three of the inquiries—in the first in 1921, in the second in 1928, and now in the Waters case—the other members of the tribunal have included persons who were not lawyers. In the 1921 inquiry one of the members was an eminent accountant; in 1928, a professor of political science was appointed, and in the Waters inquiry a headmaster of a famous Scottish school was included. In the other three inquiries the two

other members of the tribunal have been distinguished practising lawyers. They have obviously been appointed for their impartiality, and their ability to assess evidence, for it is interesting to notice how many of them have subsequently been appointed judges.

Tribunals of inquiry have evolved out of the procedure of parliament itself. Indeed, parliament used to be described as the Grand Inquest of the Nation, and one of its functions has always been to inquire into matters which merited further investigation; and where there was disclosed a state of affairs which required redress, it was, and is, the duty of parliament to set in motion the appropriate machinery for redress, whether by executive action, legislation, or trial. From the time of the Restoration, in 1660, parliament exercised this function of investigation by means of a select committee, and some of these have been set up at unusually significant moments in British history. For example, there was a committee of inquiry into the famous South Sea Bubble during the reign of George I, when thousands of people were ruined through reckless gambling in the shares of the South Sea Company. Some years later the conduct of Walpole, the man who more than anyone had rescued the nation from the difficulties which the collapse of the South Sea Bubble had created, was in turn the subject of inquiry, after his fall from power as Prime Minister. The period of the wars with Revolutionary France and with Napoleon was rich in inquiries: there was one into the disastrous failure of the expedition of Walcheren, and another into rumours that the mistress of the Duke of York had sold commissions in the army. Half a century later, the acceptance by the House of Commons of a motion to set up a committee of inquiry

into the conduct of the Crimean War brought about the fall of the Aberdeen Government, which had blundered into the war. Possibly, however, the two committees of inquiry which are most widely known are the inquiry into the Jameson Raid in 1896 and the Marconi inquiry in 1911. Indeed, it has often been said that widespread dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Marconi inquiry was responsible for the Tribunals of Inquiry Act of 1921.

In reality, however, every important committee of inquiry into allegations of mismanagement of public business produced widespread dissatisfaction, which arose from defects inherent in the procedure itself. On matters unconnected with the conduct of specific individuals, and which may be expected to form the basis of legislation, procedure by select committee is a most valuable instrument, with a history of three centuries of use behind it. Where, however, the conduct of persons occupying public offices is subject to scrutiny it would be remarkable if party affiliations did not affect the conduct of the inquiry. Generally, parliamentary inquiries have been conducted by committees of between a dozen and thirty members, and their composition has usually reflected the parliamentary strengths of the principal political parties. And often the publication of majority and minority reports has been prepared on party lines. It was this feature of the Marconi inquiry that attracted most criticism.

The Jameson Raid Inquiry

The Jameson inquiry possibly had even more remarkable features. There was much latitude in the examination of witnesses, and the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who was a member of the committee, at one point of the inquiry changed his character, and became a witness. Since the whole of the examination of the witnesses was undertaken by the members of the committee themselves, it was conducted on party lines, and in some cases party feeling proved a quite inadequate substitute for skill in framing questions. In any case, committees have usually proved too large and too amateurish to undertake the prolonged and careful investigation of evidence which an inquiry into conduct, often extending over a number of years, should require. Not unnaturally, the reports of such inquiries were sometimes regarded rather as party statements upon the conduct investigated than as impartial assessments of evidence.

In 1888 the Government tried a fresh procedure. Party feeling at that time ran high over the Home Rule issue, and over the spread of lawlessness in Ireland. A strong effort was made to implicate the Irish leader, Parnell, in the outrages which were being committed, and *The Times* eventually published a famous letter, which Parnell was alleged to have written, and which, if genuine, would prove his responsibility for the campaign of lawlessness beyond doubt. Parnell indignantly protested in the House of Commons that the letter was a forgery, and the Conservative Government was pressed to set up a committee of inquiry.

Instead, it secured the passage of a special Act of Parliament, giving the Government authority to set up a special commission, with power to investigate not only the authenticity of the letter but also the origin of the outrages in Ireland. The special commission would have the same powers as an ordinary court of justice to compel the attendance of witnesses, and to elicit from them evidence on oath. Manifestly, the members of such a commission would need judicial experience, and when the commission was established it comprised three High Court judges. Moreover, it was assumed from the outset that the principal witnesses would be represented by counsel, and in fact the array of legal talent at the hearings of the Parnell Commission was a distinguished one indeed. The proceedings throughout attracted world-wide attention, and the result of the inquiry has been variously interpreted. Perhaps it would be fairest, after this interval of time, to pronounce the result a draw. Half-way through the inquiry there was a dramatic episode when Sir Charles Russell (later the first Lord Russell of Killowen, a distinguished Lord Chief Justice) completely exposed in cross-examination an unfortunate Irishman named Pigott, who had secured the famous letter for *The Times*. Russell was able to secure admissions from Pigott, which made it clear that the letter was a forgery. On the other hand, as the findings of the commission stated, the inquiry had shown that there was a close connexion between Parnell and some of the Irish terrorists.

Although the Government's critics strongly attacked the whole procedure by special commission as an unconstitutional innovation, there can be no question that the Commission had conducted a long and extremely difficult inquiry impartially and skilfully, and in a manner far superior to that of a parliamentary committee of inquiry. This is plainly apparent if the records of the actual proceedings in the Parnell inquiry are compared with those of the Jameson and Marconi inquiries. It was almost certainly appreciation of this superiority that influenced the Coalition Government in 1921 to place procedure by special tribunals, with a judicial complexion, on a permanent basis.

Possibly the most remarkable thing about this Act, however, is the trifling nature of the problem which evoked it. Captain Loseby, a Member of Parliament, had alleged in the House of Commons that certain officials in a government department had destroyed a number of documents relating to war-time government contracts. This had been denied, almost contemptuously, by the Ministers who were in any way associated with the department. Nevertheless Captain Loseby persisted in his allegations, and, somewhat to the surprise of the House of Commons, the Government prepared and secured the passage of the present Act. The ensuing inquiry, in which Captain Loseby himself almost exclusively undertook the examination of the witnesses, who were practically all employees of the department, was conducted on a relatively light-hearted note. It was a fairly brief inquiry, and even before it was concluded it was apparent that there was no foundation whatever for Captain Loseby's charges, which he subsequently withdrew unreservedly in the House.

The second inquiry, in 1928, in some ways resembled the recent inquiry into the conduct of the Thurso police in the Waters case. In 1928 a former Member of Parliament and well-known writer on political matters had been arrested in Hyde Park, together with a young lady, by police officers who subsequently brought a charge against them both. The magistrate dismissed the charge, and it was alleged that the police officers who had brought it had committed perjury. The Home Secretary eventually undertook to have this investigated, and an experienced senior officer of Scotland Yard was selected to inquire into the question. In the course of his duties he had the young lady concerned brought to Scotland Yard in a police car, where she was questioned, it was alleged, improperly and for a prolonged period. This provoked so much criticism that the Home Secretary decided to set up a tribunal under the 1921 Act. The tribunal (it has been mentioned) included a layman, whose report, in some particulars, differed from that of his two lawyer colleagues.

Budget Secrets

The third inquiry, in 1936, was into an alleged 'leak' of Budget secrets immediately before Budget day, and responsibility for this was eventually attributed to Mr. J. H. Thomas, who was at the time a member of the Cabinet. It was this painful and difficult inquiry which brought to light some of the problems created by this special procedure. Since the inquiry was into the question whether there had been a budget leak, Mr. Thomas was not legally represented until the inquiry had actually started. It could therefore be asserted that his legal representatives had no opportunity of preparing answers to the suspicion which progressively pointed his way.

Further, although the Attorney-General took part in the inquiry, he was in no sense the tribunal's advocate, and he took a subordinate part in the proceedings. The brunt of the investigation therefore devolved upon the members of the tribunal themselves, and in their report they commented on this, pointing out that it had the effect of leading persons to suppose that they were hostile to certain witnesses against whom suspicion was directed. It was for this reason that in the next two inquiries the Attorney-General had the definite responsibility of taking the lead in the examination of witnesses, so that, as a necessary consequence, all witnesses who are in any way affected by the proceedings are also legally represented, and their own legal representatives undertake the duty of re-examining their witness, for the purpose of bringing out facts favourable to them.

How necessary this development was is shown by the inquiries into what is usually known as the Sidney Stanley affair in 1948 and the Bank Rate inquiry at the end of 1957. Both were long

and intricate inquiries, in which a great deal of evidence, some of it rather vague, was assembled. These two inquiries, and also the Budget leak in 1936, have seen the development of a practice on the part of the tribunal which seems wholly admirable. All three tribunals have been asked to ascertain facts where there have existed widespread rumours. The tribunal has accepted any relevant evidence where the question to be decided is whether or not the rumours have existed. When, however, the tribunal has been considering whether or not a particular person can be associated with acts which have given rise to rumours, they have considered only evidence which is relevant in a court of law. This has meant that they have discarded the vague and inconclusive, and possibly hearsay, evidence which was relevant when they were considering the existence or non-existence of rumours.

Although this practice is really the only possible one from a legal point of view, since otherwise a person might be condemned in the public eye in a manner which would be impossible in a court of law, and without any specific charge being preferred against him, the fact remains that the evidence which relates to the rumours is nevertheless published in newspapers. The consequences of this are twofold. Because the evidence has been admitted at all, and may have prejudiced a witness in the minds of the public, it becomes virtually impossible to initiate a prosecution subsequently against a witness; so that the reference of a matter to a tribunal would normally have the consequence that the witnesses cannot be proceeded against legally (though possibly not in an extreme case where an important crime has emerged). On the other hand, the witness may be permanently prejudiced by the inquiry, without the possibility of legal redress. No charge has been preferred against him, so he cannot vindicate himself before a jury, nor are the tribunal's findings subject to appeal in any court. There is also a further point. Whatever the result of the inquiry, witnesses who are legally represented incur heavy legal costs. Where the acts complained of arise out of their official duties it may be possible for those costs to be defrayed by some public body, although this by no means follows. Where, however, the witness is a private citizen, he has no alternative but to pay the bill himself. This is a heavy price to pay in order to dispel a rumour. Moreover, no one has yet answered the question: 'What would happen if the witness could not afford legal representation. Would the Legal Aid system extend to this?' At present, it would seem that it would not.

The Waters case has a special interest in that it was the first occasion when the procedure under the Act of 1921 has been extended to Scotland. Moreover, the Secretary of State for Scotland nominated a leading Scots lawyer, not in government service, to act as counsel for the tribunal. This is a matter which

may have to be reconsidered in England when further tribunals are established. The position of the Attorney-General on such occasions is a special one, on account of his membership of the government of the day, and it is noticeable that there has been some criticism of his position in respect of inquiries under the Act of 1921. Obviously, he may suffer from criticism of two directly opposite kinds. Some may think he has pressed witnesses too far; others may think he has not gone far enough. No advocate can escape criticism of this kind, where the case he is conducting is of national interest, but his position is easier where he has no political affiliations. There can be no question that a tribunal must have the assistance of the most eminent counsel in the long and unusually difficult inquiries which they are called upon to undertake, but it is open to question whether the Attorney-General is really the person who should undertake this duty.

A final point may be mentioned. The tribunal, it has been seen, is an alternative to procedure by Select Committee, which is still an important instrument of parliamentary procedure. It has slowly evolved a practice of its own, and it is plain that it has demonstrated its superiority in inquiries where personal conduct is the ultimate subject-matter of the inquiry. It would not be an ideal instrument for determining questions of broad political policy, nor has it been applied to them. It has shown itself, nevertheless, capable of adapting itself to inquiries of extreme complexity, and there has been a virtually unanimous disposition to accept the findings of tribunals. Possibly this is because all the tribunals have been careful to limit themselves strictly to their terms of reference. Beyond these, however, are the wider questions of general policy, which can be decided only in parliament itself.

Tribunals of inquiry belong to a middle region between law and politics, the kind of region inhabited by rumour and criticism which are not quite actionable or not strictly private. Their purpose is not to find remedy for damage but to discover the truth. The role of the plaintiff is played by the public, where the public cannot be represented as *Regina*, and is not limited to some office or department of government and indeed is not clearly defined at all. They are a concession to the vague and powerful claims of 'public opinion'; and that since 1921 they have been a statutory institution suggests that our flexible constitution is beginning to sprout new faculties in response to a new environment. There is an area which the legislature, the executive, and the courts between them cannot ignore and cannot cope with. It is an area of what one may call public conscience, in which actions of public interest come under public censure, and what is at stake is not person or property so much as reputation and integrity. The tribunal elicits facts. The public is invited to deliver a kind of verdict upon them.—*Third Programme*

Across 'the Invisible Line'

CHRISTOPHER RALLING on the Australian 'outback'

POLITICAL philosophers sometimes take traffic lights as a symbol of what freedom means in an organized state. When the light is green you go; when the light is red you stop so that others may go. That much curtailment of pure freedom is accepted by most people. But in Australia, traffic lights, even in the great cities, are noticeably lacking. This is precisely the kind of regimentation, whether it is done by a robot or a policeman, that Australians dislike. Nor is it any accident that Sydney, hard by the first convict settlement of Botany Bay, has the fewest traffic lights of all, and the citizens have the heartiest dislike for their police. This is not meant to be an indictment of Australian driving habits (which seemed to me better than you find in many European countries). It is simply an illustration of an attitude held so strongly by many Australians that it has come to influence their way of life. They dislike a pattern imposed from above.

A well-known Sydney painter said to me: 'The reason this is a dynamic city, the reason you feel alive here, is because no

one has ever tried to plan a civic centre. That kind of planning is decadent'. And that kind of reasoning is nation-wide. The Australian will build exactly the kind of house he likes, facing north or south according to his own fancy. What matters is not that his house should appear beautiful to the professor of fine arts, or fit into a plan drawn up by the local council; what matters is that it should please him.

When a majority of the people hold that point of view, a city no longer means the same as it means in Europe. The medieval idea of a corporate life is missing. But, for all that, Australia is still the greatest nation of city dwellers on earth. Four-fifths of the people live in towns: nearly 4,000,000, out of a population of 10,000,000, live in Sydney and Melbourne alone.

It is difficult to say for certain what gives to a city the look of maturity. One senses it when replacement begins to take the place of growth. Newcomers are quick to recognize that Melbourne and Sydney are mature in a way that inorganic, artificial Canberra, the Federal capital, meandering about in the shubbery,

is not. Both of them have an atmosphere which owes nothing to the drawing board.

Sydney particularly has a most unusual situation. All the natural beauty of the harbour and the beaches is enclosed on three sides by an appalling red rash of suburbs, 'like shallow waters spreading undyked', so that you can live there for months, or even years (and still spend your weekends in fresh air and sunshine), without ever going out of the urban area at all. It is easy to fall under the spell of Sydney. King's Cross, where the shops and restaurants stay open till midnight or later and people have the habit of boulevarding, much as they do in Montmartre, is within a stone's throw of Rushcutter's Bay, where dozens of yachts lie at anchor, gleaming on the dark water under the stars. It is hardly any wonder that many migrants get very little further. They are relieved to find an atmosphere of spaghetti and ancient trams. Life is sufficiently the same for them to feel at home, and also sufficiently good for them not to feel any pressing need to move on.

Yet these great Australian cities are not really like Europe at all. Melbourne and Sydney do not represent the core of the country, as London, Paris, or Brussels, do in Europe. They are on the edge of the continent; and their influence is oddly peripheral. Behind them is the sea; in front, an invisible, always moving line. Once it was the Great Dividing Range, then the arid plains. Now it is no longer anything so precise, but it is still very much there. The historian C. E. W. Bean puts it like this:

One hundred, or two hundred years hence, the Australian will still live with the consciousness that if he only goes far enough back over the hills and across the plains, he will come, in the end, to the mysterious half-desert country, where it is necessary to live the life of a strong man. That mysterious country will continue to affect the Australian imagination much as the life of the sea has affected that of the English.

Many people today doubt that this line exists any longer. They would say that the myth of the 'outback' has about as much validity as the 'wild west' in America; and that the tiny numbers who live there are comparatively unimportant.

There are two reasons for not accepting that point of view. The first is that the future of Australia will one day be worked out in the centre: and the second is that whereas life on the coastal fringe is often only a superficial echo of England or the United States, the 'outback' is uniquely Australian; a contribution to the art of living which is not found anywhere else on earth.

If you said to me: 'Where can I cross this invisible line to see the difference for myself?', there are probably a dozen equally good answers, but I would say go to Port Augusta in the south, which lies at the head of that great arm of the sea running in from the Bass Strait, past Adelaide, almost dividing the State of South Australia into two halves. It is not just a sea port. Port Augusta is a land port too. If you are heading for the 'outback' this is the end of the bitumen road and the end of proper garage facilities. Once it was camels and bullock trains that came creeping in from the north-west; now it is mud-covered land rovers and station-wagons. In the town, you can see men buying last-minute provisions, checking tyre pressures, taking on rope and shovels. From this point the traveller is on his own. Vehicle maintenance becomes just as important as food and drink. At some seasons of the year

the road may disappear in floods; at others it will vanish in sandstorms that can take the shine off a beer bottle.

The spirits of great explorers of the inland, like Sturt and McKinlay, still seem to walk the dusty streets of Port Augusta. It is a good place to start, as I did a year ago, on the rough road across the arid waste of Central Australia, to find out whether the heart of the nation is really in the heart of the continent. The semi-desert of the Woomera rocket range, which lies to the north of Port Augusta, is actually valuable grazing ground. Surrounding it, and across it, you will find some of the largest sheep stations in the world: Wilgena, of more than 3,000 square miles, Bulgunnia and Mount Clarence, which are almost as large. The manager of Wilgena is illiterate. The manager of Bulgunnia started his working life at the age of twelve as a camel boy, working for Afghans, who used to operate in this country.

The homestead of stations like these is usually a plain one-storey building with a tin roof and a wide verandah. Clustered round it you will find water tanks, a windmill, store rooms, men's quarters, and a shearing shed. This is the basic unit of living in the 'outback'. Communication between one homestead and the next is by radio. Each one will also have a primitive airstrip where the flying doctor can land in an emergency; and a deep shelter for use when rockets are being tested. But, rockets aside, the lives of the people who live in central Australia are conditioned by natural events. Here are a few news items from local newspapers:

Packs of dingoes are attacking drought-weakened stock in the north-west.

A plague of grasshoppers are advancing on a 300-mile front across the country, destroying crops as they go.

A drover had accidentally dislodged an enormous wasps' nest under a bridge. Three-quarters of his flock of sheep were killed by the angry wasps.

There is now little hope of saving 20,000 head of cattle on the Barkly Tableland, where no rain has fallen for nearly two years.

Bush fires raging out of control are threatening two towns with destruction unless the wind changes in the next few hours.

It did not. The Australian 'outback' is not lapped by the gentle waters of moderation. Life is hard for man as well as beast. I visited the opal miners of Coober Pedy. ('Coober' means 'man'; and 'Pedy' means 'hole in the ground'.) There are only two houses above the surface. The miners live in burrows, for the sake of coolness in the furnace heat of summer and because there are no building materials of any kind. Opal is so elusive, and so fragile, that it does not lend itself to mass excavation: digging must be done by hand.

It is really only in an economic depression, when hundreds of

prospectors are driven to try their luck, that the ground can be adequately covered and the 'run' of the precious stone plotted with any accuracy. But even in times of prosperity elsewhere, there are always a handful of men living in this wilderness under the blazing sun, jealously preserving their freedom and their solitude and hoping that, one day, their turn will come.

There is not a policeman within 100 miles of Coober Pedy; nevertheless a miner can leave his claim unguarded for weeks and be sure that no one else will 'jump' it. Like the shearers, and the station hands, they have established some-



Sydney, Australia, 100 years ago—

thing with stronger moral obligations than a policeman could enforce, which one of them described as 'a public opinion amongst themselves'.

Other influences than the hard environment have been at work to produce the peculiar ethos of the 'outback'. No one supposes, for instance, that it would be the same as it is today had the Chinese predominated in the gold rush days. The most important of these other influences is the convict element in Australian history. Too much has been written about it already. Successive waves of pride and shame have swept over the country, so that it is no longer really possible to assess its importance with any accuracy. But one point needs to be made again. The transportation of convicts to Australia did not end until 1840. Ned Kelly, the famous outlaw, who has the same sort of place in Australian legend as Robin Hood has for the English or Rinaldo Rinaldini for Italians, was not caught and executed until 1880. There are a few old men alive today who claim they knew him, and others like him.

So all that the convicts yearned for, and all that men like Kelly stood for—the longing for freedom as complete as a man can make it, contempt for time servers and 'government men'—is not remote at all. It is more like yesterday than history. The Australian 'swagman' still personifies it; moving on foot from one casual job to another, making it a point of pride never to stay in one place too long. The swagman does not own the world but the next best thing: he is complete owner of himself.

The great Australian writer of the 'outback', Henry Lawson, wrote some astonishing words in a book called *While the Billy Boils*. A man is describing his relationship with his mate:

There was between us the strongest and perhaps the truest of all human qualities, the sympathy of drink. We were drinking mates together. We were wrong-thinking persons too; and that was another bond of sympathy between us.

I know of no other country to which those sentiments could possibly belong as they do to Australia.

People sometimes call it a casual nation. The 'outback' Australian appears, on the surface, to be casual about everything: about work; about personal relationships. He reserves the right to be sociable or not as the mood takes him. On one man he puts the brand of 'mate' for life; on another he leaves no more impact than a slap on the back, even after years of acquaintance. Sometimes he seems completely indifferent to the presence of women (those notorious hostages to fortune). And he is equally casual about money, squandering a month's wages in a night at poker, or giving away something he can ill afford in a bout of generosity. D. H. Lawrence, with his usual insight, pointed out that money is a European invention which has no real glamour or magic in Australia.

But does the Australian character go deeper than this surface casualness that he likes so much to assume? I think that it is the casualness itself which goes deeper. The word has, after all, a different meaning from the one we give it every day. It is really concerned with fate. In his unique atmosphere of loneliness and freedom the Australian is profoundly interested in his own relationship with fate. You can see it in all the matters that I have touched on here: in the convict origins, in the gold rush days, the utter dependence on the weather, and the national obsession with gambling. (When there is nothing else to bet on, they spit on the window pane.)

But the greatest manifestation of this preoccupation with fate is the way the living revere the memory of those who died at Gallipoli or on the Somme or at Monte Cassino. In Europe, most people would rather forget. But every night throughout the year at the Alice Springs Memorial Club, in the dead heart of Australia, the lights are put out and the Last Post is sounded. One of the best-loved shrines in the whole of Australia is the



—and as it is today: yachts at anchor in Mosman Bay

statue in Melbourne of Private Simpson and his donkey, who crossed and re-crossed No Man's Land rescuing the wounded during the Gallipoli landing, until he was killed.

The best of men cannot suspend their fate.
The good die early and the bad die late.

The characteristics I have been describing belong to all Australians in some degree. But it is only across the invisible line, where they have fitted themselves to a land once thought to be uninhabitable, that they have their real significance. The rest of the population may never have been there, but they still think of the 'outback' as their spiritual home. In the future they are likely to do so more and more, if only to escape the implications of 100,000 migrants a year, coming in to water down their own romantic picture of themselves.

A. D. Hope wrote, in a famous Australian poem:

Such savage and scarlet as no green hills dare
Springs in that waste; some spirit which escapes
The learned doubt, the chatter of cultured apes
Which is called civilization over there.

Although the 'centre' has been so recently settled; and although its full flowering surely lies ahead, Australians feel already that what they have established there is a credit to mankind; and should be preserved.—*European Services*

THE LISTENER NEXT WEEK

will contain a new poem

'Praise We Great Men'

by Dame Edith Sitwell,

a Third Programme talk on

'Nationalism in Canadian History'

by D. G. Creighton,

Professor of History, Toronto University

the Home Service broadcast

'A Spanish Bullfight' by

Alistair Cooke,

and an article on the new use of the moon as
a radio link by last year's Reith Lecturer

Professor A. C. B. Lovell

The Listener

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The Big Street

TOWN dwellers tend to be conservative-minded. They like what they know and are ashamed rather than excited at the thought of change. Londoners have recently been shocked to realize that a transformation is taking place in the character of Piccadilly Circus and that its lights will not continue to blink in their customary way. Where changes are being made—at Hampstead, in the Finchley Road, for example—they sometimes are to be found not far away from the incongruous basement houses of the age of domestic servants—houses that are now usually converted into rooming apartments of inconvenient character. Mr. Arthur Ling, in a talk which is published today on another page, draws attention to the city of Coventry with its famous new town centre, graced by a fine hotel, a distinguished shop, and modern arcades, yet surrounded by 'a large belt of worn-out property' and, one may add, buildings and offices in the customary imitative styles. In fact Britain cannot boast many distinguished town centres, while modern social and economic movements do little to improve them. Directors and managers of business firms move farther and farther away, converting villages into suburbs, and coming to their offices daily by motor cars that increase the congestion at the centre. In London big office blocks are everywhere springing up and traffic is the gnawing problem of its future.

Mr. Ling suggests that there are two alternative solutions in considering the outlook for Britain's cities. One is to accept things as they are: to allow dormitories for office workers to sweep out like a tide over what remains of the countryside; to build huge modern motorways, such as exist throughout the United States in order to facilitate the entry of traffic into the heart of the cities; to recognize that nobody who can avoid it wants to live in blocks of flats in the city centres—so that at the weekends they become deserted except for the caretakers and the cats. The other alternative is to plan the kind of improvements that one sees in Hampstead—modern blocks of flats and schools and shops—and try to check the drift far out into the countryside and the dangers produced by vast new roads debouching into our cities, allowing private motorists to confuse and irritate commercial traffic and thereby distort the character of town centres.

Can any government, however noble-minded, one wonders, put back the clock? From time immemorial people have talked about the dangers of an overcrowded London dominating the whole of England, but even the building of the New Towns since the war has not really checked the expansion of the capital whose workers occupy dormitories from Brighton to Bedford. In the nineteenth-century social reformers and town planners were eagerly discussing the dispersal of industry, yet ambitious directors' wives still press their husbands to find an office in Mayfair. In the United States, despite forebodings and warnings, the sprawl of 'the Big Street' has remained unchecked. The poor may cling to the town centres, but the better-off classes march—or rather drive—in and out. Certainly if the British—and American countryside—is to be saved from the vandalism of the Subtopians something must be done. Mr. Ling's ideas will at any rate stimulate thinking about the matter.

What They Are Saying

Singapore and Laos

INTEREST ATTACHES to the reaction of Communist governments to the Singapore elections. The leader of the victorious People's Action Party in Singapore has declared that it is non-Communist and will not be the handmaiden of Communism—although two years ago P.A.P. was heavily infiltrated by local Communists. China, which might be assumed to be most interested, since Singapore is mainly Chinese-populated, reacted with some reserve to the P.A.P. victory. Peking radio gave details of the compromise self-government plan in Singapore and pointed out that although the territory would still be unable to get rid of British colonial control it had yet won certain rights which were part of the Malayan people's achievements in their struggle against British colonialism. A later Chinese Communist broadcast gave an account of the People's Action Party, its history and organisation, and quoted an article in the Peking *People's Daily* welcoming the beginning of internal self-government in Singapore but urging the territory to struggle for true independence.

Moscow radio in Turkish had positive praise for the People's Action Party and referred to its 'great victory'. Ignoring the widespread predictions in Britain before the elections that the P.A.P. would win easily, the Russian commentator went on:

The results of the Singapore elections caused great alarm in London, where the crushing blow dealt to the conservatives on whom the British colonialist authorities relied was utterly unexpected. Without doubt the *Observer* and other conservative newspapers echo the words of the circles who pursue a colonialist policy towards the peoples of these countries. But times have changed. Both the peoples of Singapore and those of other dependent and colonial countries want to be master of their own country. The people of Singapore, who sincerely desire peace, do not want to be drawn into international disputes. They demand the removal of foreign bases from their territory. The people of Singapore, by voting for the People's Action Party, voted, in fact, to have these demands put into effect.

A Far Eastern centre of tension, at present, is the tiny Indo-China kingdom of Laos. China and Communist-ruled North Viet-Nam have both accused the Laos government of violating the Geneva settlement of 1954, by allowing American military personnel and war material into the country. Chinese and North Viet-Nam transmissions gave Hanoi newspaper comment quoting Mr. Haynes Miller, a former official of the United States International Co-operation Administration, who had 'revealed the American plan in Laos'. According to Hanoi radio Mr. Haynes Miller, whose statement had appeared in a United States review, wrote that a decision to make Laos 'a jumping-off place against Communism' in south-east Asia had been taken in Washington three and a half years ago. Since then the United States had given Laos more than \$135,000,000, more than five-sixths of which had gone to supplying an army of 30,000 men including police forces. The whole conduct of this army was by some thirty Pentagon representatives. According to the Hanoi broadcast, the article by Mr. Haynes Miller further revealed that the United States had planned to develop the Laos police forces, of only a few hundred agents, into a well-armed force of 4,000 'organised and directed by a group of American police experts'.

Moscow radio, in English and French for Africa, expounded the advantages of economic aid from Communist countries and the alleged pitfalls of such aid from capitalist sources. The Russian commentators advanced two arguments in favour of aid from Communist countries:

The credits made available provide for long terms of repayment, from twelve to thirty years, and a low rate of interest. The Communist countries are prepared to receive national export goods—coffee, tea, rubber, bananas, cocoa beans, citrus fruits and so on. This makes easier the currency positions of the recipients, and at the same time opens up new markets for them. When Ghana, Guinea and the other African countries establish broad ties with the Communist countries they will unquestionably find a big, stable, and guaranteed market for their goods.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

'GLORIOUS GLYNDEBOURNE'

"GLYNDEBOURNE, glorious Glyndebourne", so sang the quartet in a satirical revue in the nineteen-thirties', PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE said in the General Overseas Service. 'The name then was new on people's lips: now, after a quarter of a century, Glyndebourne is world famous, and almost as important a part of English life as Ascot or Henley.

'What exactly is Glyndebourne? I have met people who had only the vaguest idea. One old lady I knew thought that the performances took place out of doors, perhaps because she had heard so much about the gardens, which, it is true, are an attraction in themselves. But Glyndebourne is a fully equipped opera house, and it is altogether a most professional and international festival which is presented there during the summer months. Operatic pilgrims come from every part of the world.

'This is their twenty-fifth year, not counting the war, but it is tinged with sadness because it is the last when Carl Ebert will be producing for them. Carl Ebert was one of the first leading spirits, with Rudolf Bing and the brothers Adolf and Fritz Busch, who helped to bring John Christie's Glyndebourne idea to life. Glyndebourne was also the inspiration of the late Mrs. Christie, who was Audrey Mildmay the singer.

The two of them together with these brave exiles forced the ultra-conservative British public—not to mention overseas visitors—to put on evening dress in the middle of the hot afternoon and come down by train to attend opera in an opera house built in the garden of a country house estate.

'First it was Mozart, and Mozart is always the name I connect with Glyndebourne, more even than with Salzburg. Later, Verdi, Donizetti, Rossini, Gluck, and Benjamin Britten have all taken their place in the scheme, and this year they are going to do Richard Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*. They have already done Strauss's *Ariadne*. It is difficult to remember today how rare it was in 1934 to hear any Mozart at all, let alone Mozart done with scrupulous care and forethought—that was the real revelation—and to hear works like *Così fan tutte* superbly sung,



Opera-goers strolling in the garden at Glyndebourne during an interval

J. Allan Cash

and to spend the long intervals pacing the peaceful lawns, flanked by wonderful herbaceous borders.

'Glyndebourne opera house has staged some deliciously comic acting; especially in the Rossini and Donizetti comic operas, and this has given some people in England a wholly new idea of the fun and fizz which, quite as much as the aching, solemn *longueurs* of Wagner, are part of opera'.

FIGURE-HEADS

'Imagine nearly a hundred pairs of sightless eyes belonging to as many wooden figures, staring straight ahead, never a blink, never a movement', said MICHAEL BOUQUET in a talk in the West of England Home Service. 'The effect is a trifle overpowering. Down in the lower hold of the "Cutty Sark" at Greenwich are a hundred or so wooden figure-heads from nineteenth-century sailing ships, great and small. Outside, up in the sunshine, is the white figure of Burns's "Nannie", looking out towards the passing traffic of the London River—a noble figure-head in its rightful place. This collection of figure-heads is displayed in the lower hold of the old clipper.

'Between the wars a London business man, Mr. L. J. Silver Cumber, formed a remarkable private museum of maritime treasures in his home at Gravesend. Mr. Cumber pursued his collecting activities under the pseudonym of Captain Long John Silver. Several years ago with great generosity he presented the entire contents of his private museum to the "Cutty Sark" Preservation Society, and the collection of figure-heads became known as "the Silver collection". Today, when the glossier sort of antique dealer may ask as much as £150 for a figure-head, the collection must have a considerable value. It is admirably displayed and labelled; and its presence aboard the "Cutty Sark" is a tribute to the imagination and to the generosity of the donor.

'What sort of figures are they? The cream of the collection seems to me to be the figures of nineteenth-century heroes and heroines. There is Elizabeth Fry with her Bible and her broolly; Garibaldi in his poncho;



Figure-heads from nineteenth-century ships in the lower hold of 'Cutty Sark'

Gordon in his scarlet fez, and a larger-than-life figure of the "great and good" 7th Earl of Shaftesbury. Mr. Cumber lived at Salcombe for some time in the last war, and a number of these figures have West-country associations. There is a lovely gilt eagle from the barque "Eagle" built at Bristol over a century ago. I noticed figure-heads from schooners built at Salcombe and Kingsbridge. Years ago I sailed with a skipper who was always telling yarns that began: "When I was in the 'Rose of Torridge' sailing to Newfoundland . . .". There in the "Cutty Sark" is the neat head-and-shoulders figure-head of the "Rose of Torridge" herself, carved by a local man when that little schooner was launched at Bideford in 1875.

'There they all are, down in the cool lower hold of the great clipper, where once were packed the chests of fragrant tea from the Min River. They are out of the wind and the spray, motionless and still, after voyaging and shipwrecks of long ago'.

FACE TO FACE WITH EDITH SITWELL

Interviewing Dame Edith Sitwell on B.B.C. Television in the programme 'Face to Face' JOHN FREEMAN began:

Dame Edith: The world outside your own circle of friends tends to think of you as being remote, eccentric, forbidding and rather dangerous. Now, perhaps that's a false impression, and I want you to tell me, face to face, what sort of person you really are. First your appearance, which everybody knows. Why did you devise the very personal style of clothes that you wear so often?

Dame Edith: Because I can't wear fashionable clothes. You see, I'm a throw-back to remote ancestors of mine, and I really would look so extraordinary if I wore coats and skirts. I would be followed for miles, and people would doubt the existence of the Almighty if they saw me looking like that.

Freeman: But is the style that you do wear intended to suggest any particular period?

Dame Edith: No, it comes naturally. You see, I'm descended from the most queer and remote sources. On one side, my maternal grandmother is descended straight from the Red Rose Plantagenets, the Dukes of Beaufort—my grandmother was the daughter of the Duke of Beaufort of her time—and on another side I'm descended from an errand boy who walked barefoot from Leeds to London, and built up a large fortune. Well, I'm extremely proud of his having walked barefoot from Leeds. I think it's magnificent, and that persistence and grandeur I'm extremely proud of. His niece was the woman who was known as the wicked Lady Conyngham, who was my great-great-grandmother, and who was so wicked that she stopped the flogging in women's prisons and was going to stop the flogging in men's prisons and in the Army and Navy, but George IV died, and so this wicked woman was left to her own devices, having only prevented the flogging in women's prisons. But I'm proud of that particular thing.

Freeman: Well now, tell me about your life today. Where do you live, for instance?

Dame Edith: I live with my eldest brother Osbert, at Renishaw, in Derbyshire, which is my family home; and for part of the year I go with him to his Italian home, which is Castello di Montegufoni, which is an extremely-romantic house, between Florence and Siena.

Freeman: And is it a big, grand house like Renishaw?

Dame Edith: It is, and it belongs to various dates. The tower in it and the great castle wall were built by the Dukes of Athens, the Acciaiuolis, in eleven hundred and something—I always forget the exact date—when the Dukes of Athens were thrown out of Athens by the Turks, and they came to Montegufoni, where they were not always very hospitable, because if people came out from Florence whom they didn't want to see they just threw boiling oil on them from the castle walls.

Freeman: What are your own personal hobbies and relaxations when you're not working?

Dame Edith: Reading, listening to music, and silence.

Freeman: Do you like the country better than the town?

Dame Edith: Oh, yes.

Freeman: What in particular do you like about the country?

Dame Edith: The quiet. And not being bothered by silly questions.

Freeman: What about music? Are there particular pieces of music which give you special comfort when you're feeling overstrained?

Dame Edith: I don't know about comfort, but excitement. You see, I have been, in my life, very much influenced by the works of Mr. Stravinsky.

Freeman: And would you say he was your favourite composer? If you have to turn to music in a moment of strain, would it be to Stravinsky?

Dame Edith: No. I suppose that it would be to Bach, and Beethoven, and Mozart. But certainly Mr. Stravinsky amongst them, but more for excitement than for being soothed.

Freeman: Tell me a little now about the way in which you work. Do you, for instance, write your poetry at regular hours, or do you have to sit and wait for inspiration to come upon you?

Dame Edith: Oh, I sit and wait for inspiration, yes, of course; one is obliged to do that.

Freeman: Do you work, in fact, a certain number of hours every day, or does waiting for inspiration mean that you often go for weeks without working?

Dame Edith: No, it doesn't mean that. Because it means that if I haven't an inspiration, then I am producing a poet's notebook—quotations from what various poets, various painters, and various musicians have said about the arts, which will cast some reflection on poetry.

Freeman: So that you do your work at regular hours, even if not poetry?

Dame Edith: Indeed, yes.

Freeman: Do you type your own writings, or do you dictate, or write in longhand?

Dame Edith: I write them myself, and send them to be typed afterwards.

Freeman: Do you revise your work many times?

Dame Edith: Oh, yes. When I write poetry I will sometimes have almost a whole notebook full of quite a short poem—containing many drafts.

Freeman: Does it strike you as odd that your one generation should produce three writers of such distinction as you and your two brothers?

Dame Edith: Well, we are descended collaterally from several people. We're descended collaterally from the Herberts, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury is a greatly underrated poet. He has written some wonderful poetry, and there is one poem which is called "Innumerable Beauties". It is about a girl with very fair hair, and it might have been written by my brother Sacheverell.

Freeman: Do you think that any of you would have had the careers you have had if it hadn't been for your extraordinary childhood? Did it help you in the long run?

Dame Edith: I think it came partly from my father's queer intellectuality and coldness, and from my mother's wild fire, passion, and impossible temper.

Freeman: All your professional life, I have the feeling that you particularly, but your brothers as well, have been campaigning, you've been crusading, either against something or for something. Now, what has the campaign been against?

Dame Edith: Always for something.

Freeman: Well, what has it been for, then?

Dame Edith: For any kind of new great work which was coming along. I mean we have, after all, found and helped a good many great artists in various arts. We really have, you know. And against cruelty, against injustice, against snobbery.

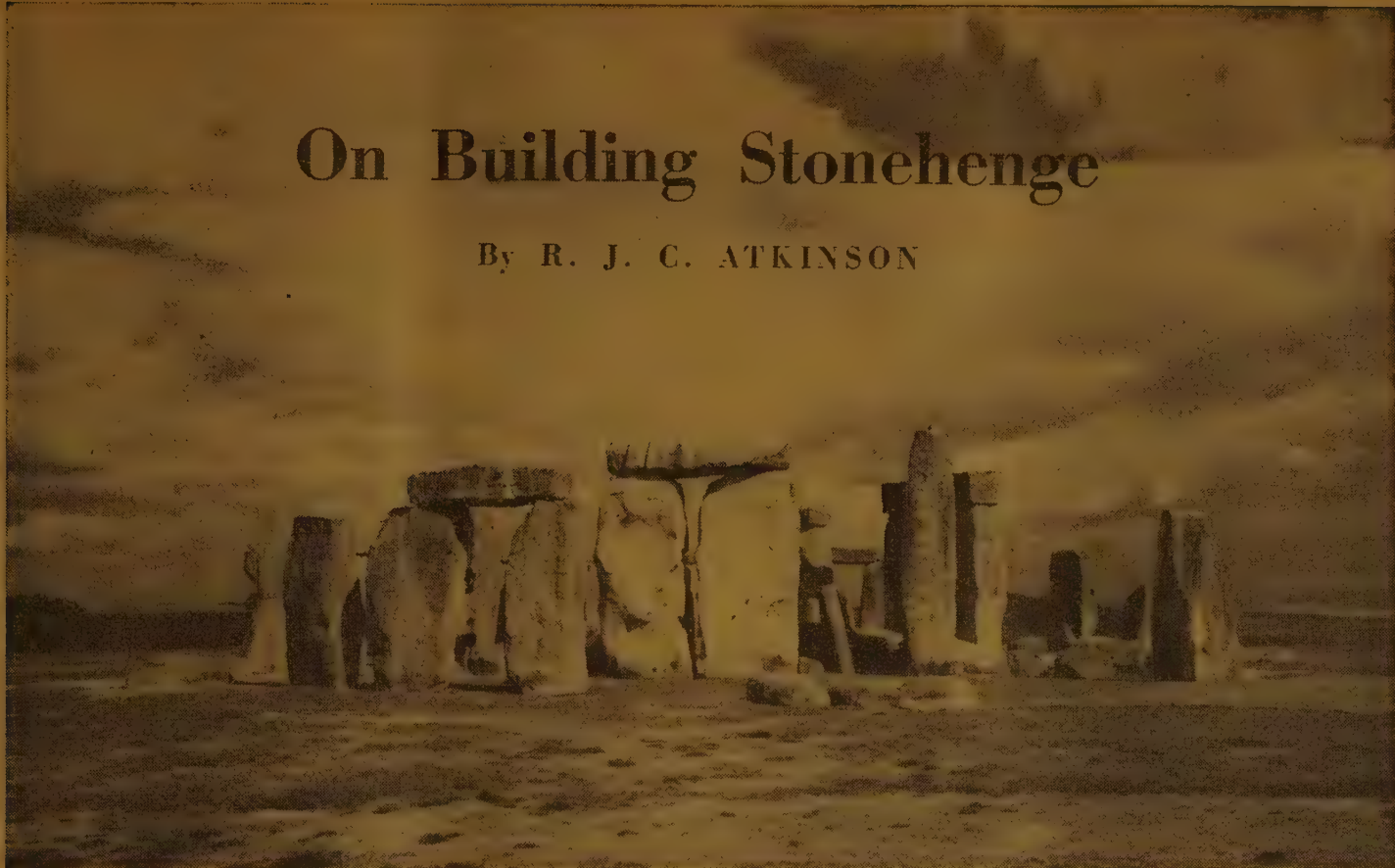
Freeman: Now, I want you to listen to three most lovely lines, which I quote from one of your own poems: "The great sins and fires break out of me like the terrible leaves from the bough in the violent spring. I am a walking fire. I am all leaves". Dame Edith, what is that great fire. What is the living thing which all your life has been trying to break out of you?

Dame Edith: The great fire, I suppose, is a humble but unworthy love of God, and certainly a great love of humanity. And to be an artist is a terribly painful thing. I mean, the great leaves break out of me—you see one has a perpetual resurrection in one's life, as the art returns to one, after long deadness. And of course the fire is always fighting the sins, and—well—there one is'.

[Part only of an interview on B.B.C. television]

On Building Stonehenge

By R. J. C. ATKINSON



A photograph of Stonehenge, taken last month, showing the trilithon (centre) and an upright stone and lintel of the outer circle (left) which have been re-erected

JUST over a year ago I was at Stonehenge to witness the final stages of the most spectacular archaeological operation ever conducted in Britain—the restoration of five of the stones which had fallen during the last century and a half. This work of restoration was the culminating point in a programme of research and excavation that we have been carrying out there during the last ten years.

Latest Estimate of Date

One of our main problems has been to discover just when the great stones of Stonehenge were put up; and a few days ago the British Museum published the latest estimate of this date, based on the analysis of tools of red deer antler which were used in the erection of the stones. The date of these antler tools has been found by measuring their content of radioactive carbon. This substance is present in all living matter in a minute but constant proportion. But as soon as the specimen dies its radioactivity begins to decrease at a known rate, so that it is possible, by comparing the radioactivity of an ancient specimen with that of modern living material, to determine approximately how long ago it died.

Unfortunately this test does not give a precise date, and the results have to be expressed in terms of probabilities. For Stonehenge, the odds are about two to one that the stones were put up between 1850 B.C. and 1550 B.C.; and about twenty to one that the date lies in the wider range of 2000–1400 B.C. On archaeological grounds the most probable date is around 1550 B.C.; and there is clearly no need to revise this estimate in the light of the recent tests. This date, however, belongs to a late stage in the history of Stonehenge, for our recent excavations have shown that its building was not a single process. We can now divide it into three separate periods, spread over about 400 years, from the eighteenth to the fifteenth century before Christ—the time when neolithic, stone-using communities in western Europe were gradually being transformed by the discovery of the new metals, gold, copper, and bronze.

In its earliest form, in the eighteenth century before Christ,

Stonehenge seems to have been an open-air sanctuary, surrounded by a circular bank and ditch about 100 metres across. Just inside the bank was a ring of fifty-six pits in the ground, each about a metre deep and a little more than a metre wide. These pits must have been used in some kind of religious or magical ceremony, though it is impossible today to learn anything of its details. Many of them contain deposits of burnt human bones. But it is clear that they were not intended primarily as graves, since in most cases the pits had already been filled up before the bones were buried.

This earliest sanctuary at Stonehenge is not unique. A few others like it, though smaller in size, have been found elsewhere in Britain—near Oxford, for instance, and in Scotland near Edinburgh. In all of them the main feature is a ring of pits.

After this earliest monument had been in use for 100 years, or perhaps a little more, it was remodelled, some time during the seventeenth century before Christ, by adding in the centre two concentric circles of upright stones. The inner circle was about twenty-three metres in diameter and the stones of the outer one were two metres further out. Most of these stones were about the size and height of a man, but a few were much taller, and these were probably set up on the north-east side of the circle, where the entrance was marked by additional stones on the inside. We know now that this double circle was never finished. Only about three-quarters of its stones were actually set up; and before even the holes for the remainder had been dug, the whole monument was dismantled to make way for something new.

Earliest Stone Circle

The most unusual thing about this earliest stone circle at Stonehenge is the origin of the stones themselves. They were in fact some of the same stones which we can still see there today, though now arranged in quite a different way. They are called the bluestones, because most of them are blue in colour. These stones are composed of several kinds of igneous rock—dolerites, rhyolites, and at least two varieties of volcanic ash. Rocks of this kind do not occur naturally anywhere in the neighbourhood of

Stonehenge, and it has been recognized for many years that they must have been brought there from a long distance away. By matching samples of the Stonehenge stones with reference-collections of rock specimens, it has been possible to identify their exact origin: a small area in the mountains of South Wales.

The distance over which they must have travelled—probably for most of the way on boats or rafts—is about 350 kilometres, or about the same as the distance from London to Paris. Even today, to carry more than sixty stones, each several tons in weight, for such a distance would be difficult enough. That it was done successfully in prehistoric times, with only the simplest equipment, shows that even at this early date Stonehenge must have been a place of special importance and sanctity, to have received such exceptional treatment.

The finding of the double circle of holes, in which these stones were set up when they first arrived at Stonehenge, is one of the most important and unexpected results of our recent excavations. And we have been able to show, too, that the entrance of this double circle was deliberately made to point towards the sunrise at the summer solstice, the longest day of the year. We do not know how long this circle remained standing; but it probably was not for long, as it was still unfinished when its stones were pulled out of their holes, in order to make way for the even more remarkable monument, the remains of which we can still see today.

This great structure, which is unlike anything else in Europe, was built of large blocks of sandstone, which were dragged to Stonehenge from more than thirty kilometres away, and then, before they were set up, dressed to shape by pounding their surfaces with heavy stone hammers. The largest block is nine metres long, and weighs nearly fifty tons. The stones were set up in a circle of thirty pillars, about thirty metres across, with a group of five pairs of even larger pillars inside it, arranged in the form of a horseshoe with its open end facing the rising sun at midsummer. All these pillars supported great stone lintels on their tops.

Within this horseshoe some of the bluestones were then erected in an oval; and the builders evidently intended to put the rest of them in two more circles outside the circle of sandstone pillars. The holes for these two extra circles were dug; but for some reason the plan was abandoned before any stones were erected in them. Instead, all the bluestones were finally arranged in a circle and a horseshoe, as we see them today, their plan echoing the plan of the larger sandstone blocks.

During the restoration of some of the fallen stones last year we were able to see more clearly than before how these great stones were put up. A hole was dug in the ground, with one sloping side, and a row of wooden stakes opposite it, to protect the edge of the hole from being crushed by the foot of the stone as it was raised. The stone, lying flat, was then pushed up to the hole on rollers and tipped in, so that it came to rest in a leaning position. It would then be gradually levered up, a few centimetres at a time, with long timbers, until it was nearly upright. Finally, ropes would be tied to the top, and the stone would be pulled into a vertical position by gangs of men all hauling together.

How the great stone lintels were raised to the tops of the uprights we cannot be entirely sure; but it clearly was not done by any method which involved a scaffolding of posts set in the ground, because we have not found the holes for these posts. Most probably the lintel would be lifted off the ground with levers and supported temporarily on wooden blocks. Longer lengths of timber would then be laid around and under the stone, and built up in layers to just beneath it. Then the weight of the stone would be transferred to this timber framework, and the whole process repeated. In this way the lintel could be raised by stages, without any necessity for digging holes to support the woodwork.

We can be sure, in any case, that a great deal of wood was used in moving and erecting the stones of Stonehenge. All this timber would have been cut and trimmed with axes of stone or bronze: and on some of the stone we have found smoothly

polished places, where these axes were sharpened. We have tried to find out if they were bronze axes by taking small samples of the polished stone and analysing it in the hope that traces of copper or tin might still be present. Unfortunately the results of these tests were negative. However, we do have evidence, of another kind, that bronze axes were in use when Stonehenge was built. Some years ago we found that representations of weapons had been carved on some of the stones. These



Sunrise at Stonehenge at the summer solstice

Photographs: Crown copyright reserved

been cut with chisels, because the rock is so hard that it would at once blunt the edge of bronze tools. They have been made instead by hammering the stone with small stone hammers, and so gradually marking out the shape of the weapon.

These carvings are not arranged in any significant way, and we must suppose that they are a kind of votive offering. Most of them are of bronze axe-heads, of a kind which were made in Britain between the sixteenth and the fourteenth centuries before Christ. But there is one carving of a dagger, which cannot be matched among any weapons from Britain or indeed from Europe north of the Alps. To find daggers like this we have to go to Greece, to the shaft graves of Mycenae, the legendary home of Agamemnon. This link between Britain and the Mediterranean in the sixteenth century before Christ is not as unlikely as it sounds. All round Stonehenge there are richly furnished graves of Bronze Age chieftains; and from many of them have come objects of gold and amber and bronze, which resemble closely things found in graves of the same period in Europe. Some of these similarities point to contacts with Brittany, and with the early centres of metal-working in South Germany and Bohemia. But others point equally strongly direct to Crete and Greece, and especially to Mycenae itself. So it is not entirely fantastic to suggest that the architect of Stonehenge was himself a man familiar with the Minoan and Mycenaean palaces of the Mediterranean world; and that the dagger carved on its stones is, as it were, his signature.

Of the real purpose of Stonehenge we know very little. We have been able to discover something of when and how it was put up, and by whom. But to the questions 'Why was it done? What was it for?', archaeology returns no certain answers. We stand here at the frontier of knowledge, beyond which, as yet, we cannot see.—*English Service for Europe*

Painting the Lily

By MAGNUS PYKE

THE decisive character of the Queen of Hearts in *Alice in Wonderland* was nowhere exhibited to better effect than in consigning to instant execution the three gardeners whom she discovered converting white roses into red ones by painting them. Today the march of applied science would make such a forthright attitude out of date. In the State of Colorado, commercial carnation growers produce about 200 million blooms a year. A few years ago the principal wholesale florist there, handling about a quarter of the total crop, used to buy 20 million white carnations and 30 million coloured ones. Today, the same firm buys 30 million white blooms and only 20 million coloured, and within the next five years they expect to ask the growers for only 10 million coloured flowers in every 50 million carnations they handle.

Tickled Pink

The reason for this is that, in spite of the arbitrary views of the Queen about the rose trees round her croquet lawn, the people who buy coloured carnations in the United States prefer white flowers dyed to comparable colours produced by nature. To quote from a current American technical journal:

The extra benefits of dyed flowers, especially carnations, are gradually causing a revolution in the cut flower industry. . . . The reason: the pinks are pinker, the yellows yellower, some other colours richer or deeper, when they are from dyes. And some effects can be created which no geneticist can yet match.

This is all being brought about by science.

One of the pioneer workers in this field is J. R. Clopton, a chemist at the University of Colorado. His approach is not so crude as that of the Queen's gardeners, or of those people who decorate bunches of twigs at Christmas time by dipping them in aluminium paint. Dr. Clopton's basic principle is to use a water-soluble dye and cause the cut flowers to draw it up their stems so that it eventually arrives at the petals. It could almost be argued that the procedure is not dyeing at all, but little more than the operation of a biological process. For example, in Britain during the last war when eggs and butter were hard to come by, and carrots were recommended as an alternative source of vitamin-A activity, occasional cases of a condition known as carotinaemia were encountered. The symptom of this complaint, if such it may be called, was a general yellowing of the whole countenance, due to the deposition under the skin of the yellow pigment, carotene. It arose from an over-indulgence in carrots. Be that as it may, the conversion of white carnations into coloured ones, besides calling for chemical knowledge, demands some considerable understanding of the principles of biology.

How Dr. Clopton Dyes

The customary dyes for colouring vegetable material—so-called vital stains—possess a positive electric charge and consequently become attached to negatively charged surfaces. The chemical approach to the dyeing of flowers would, therefore, be to use these. But in the biological environment of the still-living carnation all that happens when such a positively charged pigment is used is to produce, as an end-result, a white blossom with a coloured stem or—if much dye is employed—to obtain a carnation with some of its leaves stained as well. The solution to the problem reached by Dr. Clopton, and accompanied by such remarkable economic and artistic results, was to use not positively charged but negatively charged dyes. With these he has found that when the plant sucks up water with the colours dissolved in it to replace what it is losing by evaporation from its petals, the dyes pass right on through the stem and eventually reach the outermost fringes of the blossom where they remain in the conducting vessels of the petals.

Dr. Clopton admits that the colour is not evenly spread exactly as it is in nature but lies in the fine veins of the plant. This, however, can be claimed as every bit as attractive as the natural arrangement. Indeed, he can do things to which nature cannot hope to aspire. One of his most remarkable and popular achievements is a carnation called 'Fourth of July Special'. It is a red-and-white flower in which he has forced a blue dye preferentially to the edge of the petals. This patriotic arrangement succeeds, in the words of the scientific journal in which it is described, in 'creating a striking red, white, and blue effect'.

Whatever our views may be about the aesthetic possibilities of Dr. Clopton's work we must not belittle its scientific significance. For example, to accomplish the 'Fourth of July Special' he needed to control not only the passage of the dyes through the tissues of the flowers but also the rate of flow of the different pigments. This was done by varying the viscosity and the surface tension of the solution in which they were dissolved and also by choosing dyes possessing chemical structures of the appropriate molecular sizes, the whole operation representing a considerable scientific feat in applied physics and chemistry.

It must not be thought that this Alice-in-Wonderland business of turning white roses into red ones or, more precisely, of converting white carnations into red-white-and-blue ones is purely frivolous, or that its importance is solely due to its economic impact on the cut-flower business of Colorado. The implications of the scientific achievement may be of greater significance than at first sight appears. Just in the same way as Dr. Clopton is today interesting himself in the factors affecting the combining affinities existing between various dyes and the tissues of carnations, so also, eighty-odd years ago, Paul Ehrlich, working in Berlin, had been impressed by the way that certain dyes attached themselves to certain textile fibres and not to others. Although we may not altogether appreciate the cosmetic results of Dr. Clopton's work on the vegetable materials with which he deals, in logic his operations differ little from similar work on, say, fibres of the cotton plant by which other chemists develop fast-colour textiles.

From Flowers to Bacteria

The scientific interest of the problem strikes deep. Ehrlich extended his studies from textile fibres to cover the attraction or repulsion of different constituents of dead and living tissues to various kinds of dyestuffs. At first he used appropriate dyes to stain different types of cell and tissue different colours, in order the better to identify them and elucidate their functions. Then his attention was attracted by the way in which dyes of certain groups of chemical configuration will stain bacteria but not the surrounding tissues of the creatures in whom the bacteria are living.

Under the microscope the stained slides of tissue preparations, with their contrasting colours, are attractive to look at. The bacteriologist also can often obtain pure aesthetic enjoyment from the brightly coloured appearance of the stained micro-organisms with which he deals. Ehrlich, however, while appreciating the dyeing as such, had one of those flashes of inspired common sense—of intuition, if you would rather call it so—and conceived the supplementary notion that if he could find a dye which would colour a bacteria while it was actually inside the animal which it was invading he might hamper its activities or perhaps even kill it.

Obviously for this to be of any use the dye, while possessing an affinity for the bacteria, would need not to be harmful to the host. In the end this was achieved. A blue dye, trypan blue, or a red one, trypan red, injected into cattle infected by trypanosomes destroyed the organisms.

Clopton, at the University of Colorado, searching for new knowledge but still using his dyes to colour carnations, is extend-

ing his studies to find a way to make the connecting vessels in flower petals permeable, so that when the dyes get there they will distribute themselves smoothly rather than give a marbling effect by remaining in the vessels. And who knows what the implications of his discoveries will be? Ehrlich, two generations before him, pursued his ideas by varying here and there the structure of the chemical substances he used and after 605 only more or less systematic experiments hit on '606' in 1910—the cure for syphilis and the firm establishment of the whole subject of chemotherapy.

Limitless Possibilities

With Ehrlich's experience behind him as a precedent there are almost limitless possibilities for Dr. Clopton. The conception of intravenous cosmetics alone, which he has already established so successfully for flowers, might be extended to other species. It is perhaps a pity that current taste does not favour yellow for human complexions because this colour seems to be so easily and harmlessly produced. Apart from carotinaemia some of the anti-malarial drugs, if consumed with sufficient persistence, besides discouraging the Anopheles mosquito also make people's faces yellow. But no doubt a comparatively modest research effort by one of the great drug houses, or a university laboratory, would yield the appropriately modified chemical compound capable of changing the yellow to brown and inducing that 'slightly bronzed' appearance demanded of the modern young man of fashion.

Then, again, an immense amount of scientific knowledge is now available relating the precise chemical configuration and electrical charge of some specific organic colouring matter to its affinity for different types of biological tissue. Although dyed hair is nowadays never mentioned, even tinting is considered in some circles to be just a little non-biological. Clearly, then, we can expect before too long to be able to ingest an appropriate compound which, passing by way of our circulation, will specifically colour only our hair.

If we may expect to use 'vital staining' as a convenient and scientific method to dye ourselves, there is no reason why we should not use the same procedure to beautify the tissues of the creatures we eat. Recently, the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries, and Food has been worried about the increasing number of complex dyes used for colouring articles of diet as diverse as chocolate Swiss roll and kippers. Indeed so helpless did they feel in face of the scientific complexity of the problem that they reversed the normal principles of English law, that innocence may be presumed unless guilt is proved—which could be interpreted to imply that a dye could be considered to be harmless until it was shown to be toxic—and decreed that only a selected list of colours officially accepted as innocent were permissible in food. But with eggs, for example, there is no need for the food manufacturer to add any dye at all. He can leave it to the hen. By feeding appropriate compounds to her she will lay eggs with yolks of half a dozen shades and with whites equally chromatic.

Increasing the Life Span of Flowers

The study of the affinity of dyes and other chemical substances for different types of tissues, useful as it is for colouring flowers, is of basic scientific interest, as indeed Ehrlich showed. It was for an application of this type of study that he was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1908. The studies in Colorado have taken a different direction. Side by side with the metamorphosis of white flowers into coloured ones, Dr. Clopton has been researching into longevity. While the negatively charged pigments travel up the stems of his carnations, with them go compounds designed to slow down the metabolism of the cells, to keep open the arteries of the plants and to protect them against infection. And he has achieved some signal successes: in the unnatural environment of their vases he has increased the life span of his flowers four-fold.

Biology is the science of living things; the great discovery of modern biology is the recognition of the broad similarity of the principles governing all living creatures—this in spite of the diversity which is, perhaps, their more obvious characteristic. So it follows that the principles of biology applicable to, say, human

medicine may be equally appropriate—with suitable modifications—to Dr. Clopton's carnations, and vice versa. It has not all been plain sailing. For example, much as he would like to do so, he has not yet been able to dye his carnations black. Apart from the romantic attraction of a black blossom—Alexandre Dumas and his black tulip set the pace here—there is the artistic angle, and the first American undertaker to offer black flowers for funerals would unquestionably reap a rich reward. The difficulty is a scientific one. Any molecule large enough to absorb sufficient of the light spectrum to be black is too large to get into a carnation's petal. So far, it has not been found possible to synchronize the rate of flow of two pigments which together would absorb enough light to be black; the results of using two dyes have been distinctly smudgy. Black carnations are marketed in Colorado, but they are produced by dipping white ones in dye. In the words of the technical report: 'This leads to problems of soiling things they touch, and to shorter life expectancy'. Besides which, it is a setback to science!—*Home Service*

Two Variations on a Japanese Theme

I

In Japan, according to Shozo Tokunaga,
Ghosts have no feet.
How is it, then, at midnight,
As snow falls on the ruined castle,
And I wander there alone,
Alone, longing for lost love,
I suddenly look back, and find
My own steps leave no track behind?

II

In Japan, according to Shozo Tokunaga,
Ghosts have no feet.
How is it, then, at midnight,
As snow falls on the ruined castle,
Dark tracks appear on the white ground,
Accompanying me as I wander all alone,
As I wander alone, longing
For love, for lost love?

—Look closer:

Those tracks were never made by feet. I see
The imprint of thumb and fingers, spread
Like a bird's light fan of claws.
—Trackless, all my foolish sorrow understands:
In Japan, ghosts walk on their hands.

JAMES KIRKUP

Sewing Song

The fiddler and his violin
Playing together, seem within
Their private circle, quite remote
From tumult round. I do not know
(My ears so ring with our one note)
Which is the fiddle, which the bow . . .

. . . But if I am the first (as I,
The woman, may be) that is why,
Through all our tune, my centre stays
Calm and sedate; the note may ring
Into the world, but total peace
Is what it spreads, deep in the string.

JOHN HOLLOWAY

Decaying Town Centres

ARTHUR LING on the problem of their renewal

AROUND the new centre of Coventry there is a large belt of worn-out property, mostly built in the middle of the nineteenth century, where thousands of people are living in rather wretched surroundings, but they do not wish to move out to a new suburb on the edge of the city. They like living near the centre and they want to stay amongst their friends. Very little has happened in these areas since the end of the war, even though they are officially designated as comprehensive development areas. Eventually there should be about 2,300 new dwellings here, but during the last fourteen years only fifty-four have been built. At this rate the schemes will take no less than 577 years to complete. The same thing has happened elsewhere. Go to Birmingham, Wigan, or Liverpool and you will find the same mean streets and shabby factories surrounding a centre which also shows the signs of decay. At the same time new development has been spreading outwards, and at a rapid pace. It has obviously been quicker, simpler, and cheaper to build on virgin soil on the outskirts than to tackle immediately the slums and outworn areas round the central core. In Coventry for every 140 dwellings built on the outskirts only one has been built in the centre.

Two or three years ago the Government realized that something had to be done about these areas and started a drive for slum



An aerial view of the centre of Coventry where only one dwelling has been built for every 140 on the outskirts

Aerofilms

The speculative builders, who have now overtaken the local authorities in the volume of their suburban activities, have followed the same spreading-out policy and have built even fewer new dwellings within the towns. It is only the green belts that have stemmed their outward flow into the countryside, although there is increasing pressure for incursions into the green belt under the guise of rounding off and filling in the gaps in the villages.

To appreciate the full significance of these local trends they must be seen against the background of past efforts to plan nationally and regionally. For many years now, town planners

have believed that by redistributing industry and building new towns one could thin out the populations in the big cities and give them elbow-room to reconstruct their older central areas. But though new towns have been built, the geographical pattern of industry and population has not changed much. The latest analysis of population movements in Britain during the years from 1949 to 1957 shows that the trends are very much the same today as they were for the period 1923 to 1937. There has been, in fact, a continuous migration of people from the north and north-west of Great Britain to the London and Midland regions. And somehow or other the co-ordination between the thinning out activity



'The outward flow into the countryside': an example of urban sprawl at Kidlington, Oxfordshire
'The Architects' Journal'

clearance: it is obvious by now that the results are disappointing, mainly for this reason: the unfit houses are usually so scattered that when you pull them down there is no site for worth-while development, and as the only available accommodation for the tenants is in the suburbs you are left with nothing at all at the centre—the social life of the area has disappeared with the slums.

In smaller historical towns, like Warwick, the problem is complicated by the need to preserve many buildings of architectural merit, and there is a continual conflict between the policies of patching up with bogus Georgian and of pulling down the old buildings to cope with traffic congestion which will probably not exist when the projected by-pass roads are built. While there is no comprehensive plan anything might happen.

and the rebuilding activity seems to have broken down. There has been instead a restless shuffling about, in, and around the conurbations, while cities themselves have become steadily worse—overcrowded with motor cars by day, deserted by people after six o'clock in the evening and at the weekends.

Sixty years ago Ebenezer Howard, the father of the garden-city movement, envisaged the time when, the new garden cities springing up all over the country, ground values in London would be broken and the great bubble would burst. 'For observe', he said, 'what must inevitably happen, a vast field of employment being opened outside London, unless a corresponding field of employment is opened within it London must die, when the landowners will be in a sorry plight'.

'Unless a corresponding field of employment is opened within it': those are the important words. The fact is that the setting up of new towns has not reduced employment in London. Letchworth and Welwyn were built but London still grew. The new towns are being built and London is still growing. The fact that it is growing more slowly is the only straw at which those who expected so much from Howard's garden-city policy can clutch. But is this sufficient result for all the effort that is being made? For we must remember that the final objective of this large-scale operation was to have been the renewal of existing towns. Howard talked explicitly about adapting 'our old cities to our newer and higher needs'. The opposite has happened. Reacting against the squalor of the industrial town, encouraged by the garden-city enthusiasts, aided by the motor car, people have become house and family conscious but not city and community conscious, and they are escaping to a dream world in the country which starts magnificently in a mansion in its own grounds but ends in reality in a little semi-detached house with only a few feet between it and the next.

It is largely because of this shift of homes to the expanding periphery—while the jobs have stayed in the centre—that we have today's traffic chaos with the motor car threatening to dominate rather than serve the urban economy. In Liverpool, Birmingham, and, most of all, London the erection of large blocks of offices has further aggravated the journey to work and has set up a new pressure: the pressure for urban motorways to bridge the gap between home and work. If urban motorways come in a big way they might well tear our cities apart irrevocably. This whole process has been likened to a cancerous growth. Once started, it becomes self-perpetuating without function in the body in which it exists. Unchecked, it eventually kills the host body and itself.

It can be seen in its later stages more clearly in the sprawling cities of the United States. Harrison Salisbury, writing in *The New York Times* recently, described Los Angeles. 'Here', he said, 'nestled under a blanket of smog, girdled by bands of freeways, its core eviscerated by concrete strips and asphalt fields, its circulatory arteries pumping away without focus, lies the prototype of Gasopolis, the rubber-wheeled living region of the future'. Los Angeles, let me add, has now 5,500,000 people, 7,000,000 cars, and 500 miles of so-called 'freeways',

magnificent in themselves but playing havoc with the city.

Will our cities meet the same fate? Professor Gorvic, a planner of Detroit, thinks they will if we give the motor car a free run. 'While one mourns the American city', he says, 'one fears the fate of the European one. One senses a feeling of false security among British city planners as they take shelter behind the Maginot line of planning legislation and zoning provisions. There is too much defence and too little attack'. Broadly speaking, I agree with that analysis.

There seem to be two courses one could follow. The easiest—

and I do not think we could contemplate this for one moment—would be to accept existing trends, allow the scatter outwards, acquiesce in the break-up of cities, abandon the green belts, and devise a subservient planning theory to fit. Some time ago, speaking in the Third Programme*, Christopher Tunnard described the sprawling urban region which stretches 600 miles from Portland in the State of Maine to Norfolk, Virginia, a region of 34,000,000 people in which all distinctions between town, suburbs, and country are becoming blurred. How easy it would be to allow the same to happen in the region stretching from Blackpool to Brighton.

Mr. Tunnard's view was that it was not possible, or even necessary, to try to stop this process, given a type of urban regional planning which would clothe men's new activities in the landscape with an appropriate form. He may be right that it is not possible to stop the process under the conditions of America today, but I cannot help feeling that he is chasing after chaos and attempting to make it look

decent with a planning theory. The result seems to me to be the very opposite of a planned urban region with an enormous wastage of past investments in city building and community endeavour. I am certain that if the existing cities were comprehensively reconstructed this headlong dispersal would not be necessary.

The alternative policy, then, is to work for a reversal of existing trends unafraid of the wider implications. I am convinced that the neglect of city centres and their surrounding areas now present authorities throughout the country with an opportunity to start a great urban renaissance.

Existing powers under the 1947 Act give the opportunity to create areas of comprehensive development in these decaying centres, but we need to give to the designers the same power as was given to John Nash in London and James Craig in Edinburgh. Since the days of the big private landowners not only has the land been split up but also the contribution of the professions. Now there are surveyors to deal with the purchases, valuations, and exchanges of land, solicitors to interpret the more complicated laws, architects to design the buildings on the individual sites, engineers to plan and lay out the roads, landscape architects to add the greenery, and, usually last in the process, the town planner, who with the aid of some very blunt tools—a zoning map and a series of regulations—has the job of trying to co-ordinate the innumerable small-scale design efforts into something worth while. Of course, it is absolutely impossible. This negative form of control is frustrating to the public, the



A motor 'freeway' in Los Angeles

developer and the architect, and fails to produce a comprehensive civic design.

Comprehensive land ownership is, I believe, the indispensable starting point for the piecing together of these broken fragments of design. If private enterprise can secure large enough ownerships of land then I think they should be encouraged to do so, but usually only the local authority is in a position to gather the small bits of land together. Municipal ownership, however, does not mean that private enterprise has to be excluded. Leasehold control enables private developers to build and gives to the local authority stronger powers of enforcement than those under town-planning powers. Enforcement, however, can only be regarded as a last resort. The aim must be to achieve co-operation between public and private developers and their architects so that all feel they are participating in the creation of an overall design, adding their own more brilliant ideas, rather than being dragooned into a rigid master plan. This involves the preparation of a detailed design which can be discussed with all developers and made known to the general public for whom it is finally intended. My experience is that most people will respond to a real piece of planning and architecture.

A Point of Crisis

Urban planning has, I think, reached a point of crisis, for unless the energies of the builders can be harnessed to the renewal of the older areas at the centre they will probably seek to break into the green belts or jump over them into the villages and country towns beyond. The green belts will remain firm as safeguards against sprawling cities only if development is directed inwards rather than outwards. The trouble is that we are faced with the problem of the decaying centre at a time when financial and physical conditions are at their worst.

In this situation the Government has an instrument of policy, which it could use, to launch a nation-wide drive for the renewal of these decaying town centres. I am referring to its power to grant higher subsidies for particular forms of housing. Subsidies are available at present for dwellings to re-house tenants of slum houses and overspill population as well as for one-bedroom flats and bedsitters. The dwellings being built with these subsidies are mainly on the outskirts of towns. The reason is obvious. The land at the centre is more expensive and, as multi-storey development is usually involved, the costs of construction are at least 100 per cent. higher. In addition old property has to be demolished, tenants re-housed, streets and services laid out anew, and new social facilities previously non-existent provided. These extra costs either increase the rents, if economic rents are charged, or create a deficit in the housing accounts which has to be met from the rates. Most of the present residents of these areas are in the lower income group range and the charging of economic rents would mean that they would have to leave the area in which they had been living. The alternative of meeting a large deficit out of the rates is not one that is attractive to local authorities whose representatives have to face a rate-conscious electorate.

Dramatic Change?

What a dramatic change would be effected, however, if the Government announced next week that special housing subsidies were to be introduced for all comprehensive development areas approved by the Minister. This would immediately concentrate the efforts of local authorities, and I have no doubt that those authorities who in the past had failed to do anything about the inner areas of their towns would begin to do so immediately. Housing policy, as we know, follows subsidy policy. Give four-storey development a higher subsidy than three-storey and there is a switch overnight. The same would happen with urban renewal. Nor should we forget that the town-planning grants for comprehensive blighted areas have got lost in the block grant. I think there is a strong case for keeping the grants for blighted areas separate, for the losses involved are even greater than for blitzed areas.

How would private development fit into this picture? What has usually happened in the past is that business men have taken part in redevelopment only when they could expect a reasonable

return for their invested money, and that meant shops, offices, and places of public entertainment, but very little housing. But it would, I think, be most unfortunate if the renewal of the older residential belts round city centres was entirely municipal, for it might make many people even more anxious to escape from the central areas of cities.

I would favour a partnership between public and private enterprise, and I see no reason why private enterprise should not share in the subsidies from the government. In Europe it is common practice for the government to lend money to private developers or housing associations for the construction of dwellings to let, and at low rates of interest provided the rent levels are reasonable. We ought also to examine the role of the building societies and of the local authorities as lenders of money for the purchase of dwellings. Could a greater proportion of their loans be directed towards central urban renewal?

At the moment the participation of private-development agencies in town rebuilding seems to me to be far too haphazard. Numerous schemes are submitted for planning approval, but one is never sure if any of them will materialize. I would like to see these companies taking a more continuing interest in the localities affected. Throwing open the redevelopment of a city centre to the highest bidder does not seem an extraordinarily civilized procedure, for, too often, financial return becomes the test of success rather than quality and convenience of the design.

But to make a success of urban renewal the local authorities need help, technical as well as financial, and they need it from the highest level of policy making, namely from the Ministry of Housing and Local Government. Immediately after the end of the war the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, as it was then called, had a vigorous research group which produced some outstanding publications, like the Central Areas handbook. These helped the authorities immensely in their problems of dealing with blitzed reconstruction. That research group was disbanded many years ago, but its help is even more urgently needed now.

School and Housing Development Groups

In contrast the Ministry of Education's research group was given continuing support. The team of architects and quantity surveyors has designed and built various types of schools as prototypes for investigation of planning, cost, materials, equipment, and so on. The Ministry thus put itself ahead of those working at the local-authority level and could give guidance soundly based on practical experience. The Ministry of Housing and Local Government is now setting up a similar development group under its Chief Architect on the housing side, but housing cannot be divorced from town planning, and I would like to see the new housing development group paralleled by or united with a similar team on the town-planning side which would take an actual town like Warwick or Burnley and, in collaboration with the local authority concerned, get to grips with all the technical, administrative, financial, and legal difficulties involved. Out of their activities would arise a series of principles which would enable the Ministry to decide policy and give to local authorities authoritative practical guidance.

It would, however, be some time before the results of such research became available. Meanwhile there would be no better gesture of willingness to help on the part of the Government than an announcement that it is prepared to pay adequate subsidies and grants for development in comprehensive areas. I am sure that would mean a great deal to the people living in the areas and to the cities of which they form part.—*Third Programme*

The Reconstruction of Iraq: 1950-1957 is the title of No. 6 in the Foreign Policy Research Institute Series published for the University of Pennsylvania by Stevens and Sons (35s.). The author is Dr. Fahim I. Qubain.

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Canvey Island: The History of a Marshland Community by Basil E. Cracknell has been published by the Leicester University Press (12s.) as Occasional Paper No. 12 for the University's Department of English Local History.

Damages and Income Tax

By J. A. JOLOWICZ

IT is a general principle of the law of damages that, ordinarily, a plaintiff who is injured by the defendant's wrongdoing should receive compensation by way of damages which is as nearly as possible equal in value to his loss. Damages should, so far as money can, restore the plaintiff to the position in which he would have stood had it not been for the defendant's wrongdoing. Exceptional cases apart, damages are not given as a punishment for the defendant and they are certainly not given as a reward for the plaintiff. They should compensate and they should do no more.

This is a well recognized principle and one of long standing, but its application in one particular kind of situation has recently brought to light a question of some difficulty which engaged the attention both of the House of Lords in the case of *British Transport Commission v. Gourley*¹ and, subsequently, of the Law Reform Committee.

Weedon Rail Disaster Claim

Mr. Gourley, the plaintiff in the case decided by the House of Lords, was an eminent civil engineer who was seriously injured in the Weedon rail disaster in 1951. He sued the British Transport Commission and the Commission admitted its liability for the accident. At the same time, however, it raised an important point concerning the damages to which Mr. Gourley was entitled.

One of the consequences of his injuries was that Mr. Gourley was prevented for a considerable period from carrying on with his work and accordingly he claimed, as he was entitled to do, for what lawyers generally call 'loss of earnings'. This claim was, of course, in addition to the claim for the pain and suffering caused to Mr. Gourley by the accident and for which he was awarded £9,000. Mr. Gourley satisfied the court that during the period in question he would have earned nearly £38,000 and he claimed to recover this sum from the Commission. Out of this £38,000 however, had he actually earned it, Mr. Gourley would have paid more than £31,000 to the Inland Revenue in income tax and surtax. He would have retained less than £7,000 for his own use, and the British Transport Commission contended, therefore, that if they paid Mr. Gourley this sum as damages he would be fully compensated for his loss.

Neither the High Court Judge who tried the case at first instance, nor the Court of Appeal was in a position to accept the Commission's contention, since there was existing authority² which compelled them to reject it. The House of Lords, however, was free to disregard this authority and, with one dissentient³, the House held that the Commission's contention was correct. Mr. Gourley was entitled only to such damages as would represent the amount he would have retained out of his actual earnings after payment of tax. To disregard the tax element today, it was said, would be to act in a manner out of touch with reality, and Mr. Gourley would receive the full compensation to which he was entitled if he was paid a sum equal to the amount of his earnings after paying tax.

Damages Free of Tax

This decision rests essentially on the basis that the damages awarded to Mr. Gourley would not themselves be taxed in his hands. If Mr. Gourley had had to pay tax on the damages he received, it would have been wrong to have calculated those damages so as to take into account the tax he would have paid on his earnings, for this would have been equivalent to taxing him twice over. The House of Lords, however, was relieved of the task of investigating the law governing the taxation of damages, because counsel in the case, no doubt quite properly, agreed at the outset that Mr. Gourley's damages would be retained by him free of tax. But it is by no means always the case that damages are

retained by a plaintiff without the obligation to pay tax on them, and where this is not the case it is clear that tax must not be taken into account in the calculation of the damages. As I shall try to show, it is perhaps unfortunate that counsel in Gourley's case admitted that the damages awarded to Mr. Gourley would be retained by him free of tax, for this admission did not merely relieve the House of Lords of having to decide the point; it also had the result that none of their Lordships had occasion to inquire why the damages should be free of tax. This had serious consequences.

We may say, then, that since Gourley's case the law is that whenever a man recovers damages for the loss of taxable income and will retain those damages free of tax, they must be so calculated as to take into account the tax he would have paid had the income in fact been earned. At first sight this may seem simple and straightforward, but the decision in Gourley's case gave rise to a good deal of adverse criticism, as a result of which the Lord Chancellor invited the Law Reform Committee to investigate and report on the law. The Committee published its report in August 1958,⁴ but owing to the diversity of views taken by the various members it was unable to make any recommendations.

Perhaps the chief criticism made of Gourley's case was that its effect is to confer a benefit upon the defendant, or upon his insurance company if he has one. Take Gourley's case itself. Mr. Gourley was prevented by his injuries from earning nearly £38,000, but, because of the high rate of taxation to which he was subject, the British Transport Commission, who were responsible for his injuries, had only to pay less than £7,000. Mr. Gourley's liability to tax saved them over £31,000. To this argument the House of Lords and nine of the fifteen members of the Law Reform Committee reply that Mr. Gourley's real loss, in view of his tax liabilities, amounted to less than £7,000, and this the Commission had been ordered to pay. To have awarded Mr. Gourley any more would have been to over-compensate him for his loss, and this would be contrary to the general principles of the law. As the report itself says, these nine members of the Law Reform Committee 'cannot see why it should be thought right to amend the law so that a plaintiff who has been deprived of the prospect of receiving some £37,000 and paying away some £30,000 of it in tax should instead be given £37,000 free of any obligation to pay any of it away in tax'.

Law Reform Committee's Views

This answer is an attractive one, but it did not appeal to the remaining six members of the Committee. Of these six, three thought that the plaintiff in cases like Gourley's should be allowed to retain the whole of his damages and that these should be paid in full without regard to tax. The other three also thought that the defendant should have to pay the full amount of the plaintiff's gross loss, but they thought that the damages so paid should be taxable in the plaintiff's hands. With great respect to the House of Lords and to the nine members of the Law Reform Committee, it seems to me that the correct solution to the problem is to be found in one or other of these minority views in the Committee's report.

It will be recalled that in Gourley's case itself counsel admitted that whatever damages were awarded to Mr. Gourley would themselves be free of tax, and that it is an essential feature of what we may call a Gourley situation that the damages themselves should not be taxable. It is also an essential feature of a Gourley situation that the damages are awarded for a loss of taxable income. Where a man claims damages for the loss of something not itself subject to tax, such as his health—which may for our purposes be called capital—no question of tax can arise in the calculation of the damages to which he is entitled.

¹ [1956] A. C. 185. ² *Fairholme v. Firth & Brown Ltd.* (1933) 149 L. T. 332; *Billingham v. Hughes* [1949] 1 K. B. 643. ³ Lord Keith of Avonholm. ⁴ Cmnd. 501.

Now it is, in general, true that in our system income only, and not capital, is subject to tax. It is also, in general, true that where damages are awarded for a loss of taxable income the damages themselves are subject to tax, while damages for a capital loss may be retained by the recipient free of tax. This can be illustrated by an example taken from one of the many cases in which the Inland Revenue authorities have claimed tax upon sums received as damages.⁵ Suppose you are a ship-owner and that I have agreed to charter—that is, to hire—your ship for a fixed period of time. Clearly the profit you will make from this transaction will form part of your income for tax purposes. Moreover, if I wrongfully refuse to take the ship when the time comes for me to do so, I shall have to pay you as damages a sum equal to the profit you would have made if I had fulfilled my agreement. These damages, because they are paid for your loss of taxable income, will themselves be regarded as your income and will be taxable in your hands. The case will not, therefore, fulfil the conditions for the application of *Gourley's case*.

Damages for a Capital Loss

If, on the other hand, I negligently cause the total destruction of your ship you will recover from me its full value. The ship itself, being a capital asset, is not taxable in your hands and the damages for its loss, being damages for a capital loss, will not be taxable either. But here too, though the damages are not taxable, we are still not in a *Gourley* situation. This time the damages are not awarded for loss of taxable income.

It can be seen, therefore, that the *Gourley* situation, which consists in the award of tax-free damages for the loss of taxable income, does not conform to the general law, and it is important to consider just how a *Gourley* situation can come into existence. This question was not considered by the House of Lords in *Gourley's case* itself, largely, as I believe, because of counsel's agreement that the damages in that case would be free of tax. I do not know why it was not considered by the Law Reform Committee, but the difference between the two minority views contained in the Committee's report does throw a good deal of light upon the question.

The three members of the Committee who thought that the law laid down in *Gourley's case* should be so altered as to make the defendant liable for the gross amount of the plaintiff's loss of earnings, while still allowing the plaintiff to retain his damages free of tax, founded themselves chiefly on the proposition that the damages are not truly awarded for loss of income at all. In their view, though it may be convenient to speak of 'loss of earnings', the damages are really awarded for the loss of a capital asset which may be called 'earning capacity'. Where a man suffers personal injury and is prevented from working, whether temporarily or permanently, these three members of the Committee consider that his loss is in the nature of a loss of capital. On this basis, tax is wholly irrelevant, whether it is the amount of the damages which is in question or whether it is the plaintiff's liability to account to the Inland Revenue authorities.

Taxable and Not Taxable

Three other members of the Committee also took the view that the defendant should have to pay the gross amount of the plaintiff's loss, but they thought that the plaintiff should then be required to pay tax on the damages he received. In their opinion the damages are awarded for a loss of income and therefore, on the ordinary principles, should be taxable in the plaintiff's hands.

I am not, for the present, concerned with the question which of these two views is correct, but I do suggest that one or other of them must be. It is, surely, axiomatic that a loss is either the loss of taxable income or else it is not. Yet *Gourley's case*, and the view taken by the nine members of the Law Reform Committee who support that decision, depends upon holding that the loss is of something which is at the same time both taxable and not taxable. *Gourley's case* applies because the plaintiff has lost taxable income and is awarded damages which are not taxable. And if we ask why the damages are not taxable we find that it is because they are awarded for a loss of capital.

This is, indeed, inadvertently made clear by the twelve members of the Committee who reject the idea that the damages should

be made taxable, for they say: 'A person whose earning capacity is wholly or partly destroyed loses the whole or part of a capital asset—sometimes the only one he has. It is fundamental in our income tax code that capital is not taxed, and . . . a worse start in this direction could hardly be made than to tax as income the compensation a man receives because his ability to earn a living has been wrongfully destroyed or crippled'. Yet the decision in *Gourley's case*, that the damages must be reduced by the tax the plaintiff would have paid, depends on holding that what he has lost is taxable income. Otherwise there could be no reason whatever for taking income tax into account in assessing the damages he should receive.

Gourley's case, therefore, is objectionable in principle because it rests upon a self-contradictory basis. It is also objectionable, in the opinion of a number of people, upon more immediately practical grounds. The decision requires a calculation to be made of the tax a plaintiff would have paid had he in fact continued to earn, and this, by hypothesis, he has not done. It may be easy enough to do this where the period of incapacity has already ended when the calculation comes to be made, but to discover the appropriate rate of taxation to apply where the plaintiff is incapacitated for an indefinite period and, perhaps, has private means of his own, is far from easy. Though the House of Lords in *Gourley's case* itself stated that mathematical accuracy need not, and indeed cannot, be achieved, it is necessary, in order to do justice, that the calculations be as accurate as possible.

But how can one know what rate of taxation will apply to a particular plaintiff in the future? Not only is there the possibility of an alteration in the standard rate of tax, but the plaintiff's own position may change. It has, for example, already been held that where a man declares his future intention of parting with much of his private capital under various trusts, so as to reduce his income and his rate of taxation, this is a matter which must be taken into account in applying *Gourley's case*.⁶ Or suppose that the victim of an accident is a foreign visitor resident abroad. It will be necessary to discover the rate at which he pays tax in his own country in order to assess the damages to which he is entitled here.

The Trouble with *Gourley's Case*

Mere difficulty of decision is not, of itself, sufficient reason for interfering with an otherwise satisfactory rule of law. The trouble with *Gourley's case*, however, is that it is bound to make the settlement of accident claims out of court more difficult. Cases are often fought on the question of damages alone, not of liability, and the introduction of so complicating a factor as the plaintiff's liability to tax may well cause negotiations for a settlement to break down. This can benefit no one but the lawyers. But even this could be tolerated if legal principle demanded that *Gourley's case* be applied in the interests of justice. Principle may well be more important than convenience, but, as I hope I may have demonstrated, *Gourley's case* involves a contradiction in itself and cannot be justified as a matter of principle. It seems clear that one of the two remaining solutions should be adopted.

In one class of case to which the *Gourley* decision has been applied—the wrongful dismissal of an employee without notice—the solution had already been suggested, by the Royal Commission on the Taxation of Profits and Income⁷, before *Gourley's case* came before the House of Lords. In this class of case the damages to which the employee is entitled are calculated by reference to the wages or salary he would have earned if he had been allowed to work out his period of notice. Nevertheless, it has been held by the courts in tax cases that the damages are awarded for a capital loss. It is said that the employee has lost his 'office', that is, his position as an employee, and that this is a capital, not an income, loss. It is, indeed, because of the decision that the loss in these cases is a loss of capital and that the damages are therefore not subject to tax that *Gourley's case* can be applied. The Royal Commission on Taxation, however, disagreed with the view taken by the courts that wrongful dismissal involves a capital loss. They preferred the view that the damages are awarded for the loss of the income the employee would have earned had he been allowed to work out his period of notice, and accordingly they recommended that in these cases the damages should be made subject

(continued on page 1026)

⁵ *Burmah Steamship Co. v. Inland Revenue Commissioners* 1931 S. C. 156. ⁶ *Beach v. Reed Corrugated Cases* [1956] 1 W.L.R. 807. ⁷ Final Report, June 1955. Cmd. 9474.

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

June 3-9

Wednesday, June 3

The printing unions refuse to allow their members to be employed on a day-to-day basis as proposed by the Federation of Master Printers and say they will treat such terms of employment as a 'lock-out'

The Trades Union Congress is to be asked to intervene in the ship-building dispute at Birkenhead about the marking of steel plates

President Eisenhower says that there should be some clear agreement safeguarding Western rights in Berlin, to justify a 'summit' conference

Thursday, June 4

The Home Secretary tells the Commons that he will be glad to receive an all-party deputation to discuss racial problems, but does not consider a special inquiry to be necessary at present

Minister of Labour discusses dispute in printing industry with his Chief Industrial Commissioner

Friday, June 5

Dr. Adenauer decides to withdraw as a candidate for the Federal German Presidency and to stay on as Chancellor

The Burnham Committee agrees provisionally to an increase of four-and-a-half per cent. in teachers' salaries

The British Transport Commission puts forward revised proposals for dearer season tickets and the abolition of cheap early morning fares

Saturday, June 6

Little progress is reported at the end of the fourth week of the Foreign Ministers' conference in Geneva

The National Union of Teachers accepts the Burnham Committee's proposals for higher salaries

Princess Margaret arrives in Lisbon for a six-day visit to Portugal

Sunday, June 7

Two members of the British expedition to Ama Dablam in the Himalayas are reported to have been killed

Monday, June 8

The Russian official spokesman in Geneva says that the conference is 'nearing the accomplishment of its work'

The United States Post Office makes its first successful delivery of mail by guided missile

England wins the first Test match against India at Nottingham by an innings and 59 runs

Tuesday, June 9

Three Western Foreign Ministers meet in Geneva and are reported to have discussed General de Gaulle's demands about control over nuclear weapons in France

Labour M.P. introduces in the House of Commons a Bill to nationalize *The Times*

The United States Navy's first nuclear submarine to carry the Polaris missile is launched



A mass meeting being held in Trafalgar Square, London last Sunday in protest against racial prejudice. It was organized by the African-Asian Congress in conjunction with the United Kingdom Coloured Citizens' Association

Above, right: The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Harold Gillett, unveiling an emblem (designed by Dame Laura Knight) at Mansion House on June 1 to mark the opening of World Refugee Year—an international campaign to help the world's 2,000,000 refugees. On the right is the Prime Minister, who spoke at the meeting



A view from the air of the S.R.N.1 Hovercraft at the Saunders-Roe works at Cowes, Isle of Wight. The saucer-shaped machine which made its first successful flight on June 7 is designed to skim over land and sea on a 'cushion' of compressed air. It may be used as a cross-Channel passenger and car ferry



By permission of the City of Manchester Art Galleries

(2) by L. S. Lowry: one of the paintings in a retrospective artist's work now on view at the City Art Gallery, Manchester



The scene in Westminster Hall on June 5 as Her Majesty the Queen opened a six-day Atlantic Congress. Delegates from fourteen Nato countries took part



Parthia, second from the left (owned by Sir Humphrey de Trafford and ridden by W. H. Carr), winning the Derby at Epsom on June 3. Fidalgo, right, was second, and Shantung, extreme left, third

Left: The three Koch sisters in their aerial act in the Moscow State Circus, which opened a six-weeks' season at Wembley on June 6

to tax. This solution should, I think, be adopted. It is more difficult to know whether the damages should also be made taxable in the injury cases. As has been pointed out already, it may be right that in these cases what the plaintiff loses is the capital asset known as earning capacity, not actual income, and if this is accepted then he should receive damages equal to the gross amount of his loss without reference

to tax. On the other hand, English law as a whole, though it has not made any express pronouncement on the subject, seems more inclined to treat what it calls loss of earnings as being indeed loss of income. If this is so then the consequence should follow that here too, as in cases of wrongful dismissal, the damages received by the plaintiff should be made subject to tax. The arguments seem evenly balanced and I prefer not to try to reach a final con-

clusion here. What is really important, however, for the sake of the law, is that it should be appreciated that the loss in any case must be either of capital or of income. It cannot be both. And as *Gourley's* case depends essentially on holding that the damages are awarded for a loss which is at the same time both capital and income, it is unlikely that the decision in that case can provide a satisfactory solution for the law.—*Third Programme*

M. A. HOSKIN on nature and mathematics

WHAT have the chilly and precise concepts of the mathematician to do with the warm, shifting, colourful, living world that our senses bring to us? Today this is an academic question, for we live our lives surrounded by examples of the successful application of mathematics to science and technology. But 400 years ago the situation was very different. Then the issue was very much alive; in fact, in the view of the time it constituted the main dispute between Aristotle and Plato. If you gave mathematics only a subsidiary role in the understanding of nature you were a follower of Aristotle. But if you regarded mathematics as fundamental in natural science then you were a Platonist. The importance of the problem lay in the fact that the view you accepted determined the kind of question you thought the natural scientist ought to ask.

Galileo puts this very clearly. He tells us in one of his most famous passages:

Philosophy is written in this grand book, the universe, which stands continually open to our gaze. But the book cannot be understood unless one first learns to understand the language and to know the letters in which it is written.

He himself belongs to the Platonist camp. He continues:

It is written in the language of mathematics, and the letters are triangles, circles, and other geometrical figures, without which it is humanly impossible to understand a single word. Without these, one wanders about in a dark labyrinth.

Plato had not been the first to see the book of nature as written in mathematical terms. Before him the Pythagoreans had hit upon the close link between musical harmony and simple mathematical ratios—as for example that when you halve the length of a violin string you raise the note an octave—and these Pythagoreans were so impressed with this discovery that they believed they had glimpsed an inner secret of the universe: that things are numbers.

Plato's own teaching, though greatly influenced by that of the Pythagoreans, was rather different. For him true reality was permanent and unchanging, and so not to be sought in the world of our senses. But the things we see and touch, though not themselves perfect and time-

less, are modelled on patterns that are perfect and timeless, like the entities of mathematics. This means that there are no perfect and exact spheres or cubes in the world around us, but there are objects modelled on spheres and cubes. But this leads to a difficulty when we come to

metal sphere resting on a plane, its own weight should not so press it down that the plane should give a little, or indeed that the sphere itself should not be distorted in the contact. Besides, it is very hard to find such a perfect plane, if only for the reason that its matter is porous, and perhaps it would be no less difficult to find a sphere so perfect that all its radii are exactly equal.

Galileo has his own way out of this difficulty. Through the mouth of his spokesman, Salviati, he rejects the vagueness which Aristotle and Plato accepted as inseparable from physical matter. The brass ball was not to be regarded as vaguely spherical in shape, but as being exactly and precisely some other, no doubt more complicated, shape. Simplicio, therefore, was guilty of applying the geometry of sphere and plane to physical bodies that were of other shapes—perhaps less beautiful, but just as definite. And of course theorems about planes and spheres did not apply to these other shapes. 'The error, then', says Salviati, 'lies not in the abstractness or the concreteness, not in geometry or in physics, but in the calculator, who does not know how to make up his accounts'.

Plato, then, tended to look away from the world of our senses, to another world, perfect and unchanging. Aristotle, on the other hand, with his feet firmly on the ground, sought to understand the world in which we live, a world that is continually changing before our eyes. We instinctively take movement in space as a typical example of change, but if we are to see Aristotle's point of view, the point of view of a great biologist,

we must take a more interesting example—that of growing-up, let us say.

How limited and unsatisfactory a knowledge of the merely mathematical aspects of growing-up would be! Aristotle asks us to see growing-up, above all, as a process leading towards the fulfilment of the grown man; and in the same way the fall of a stone is to be seen as the stone's taking up its proper place in the scheme of things. Mathematics has no place for the fulfilment towards which, according to Aristotle, all natural changes are directed, and therefore, by itself, a mathematical account of change would be seriously incomplete.

This was a difficulty that still retained its force in Galileo's day, and so one might expect him

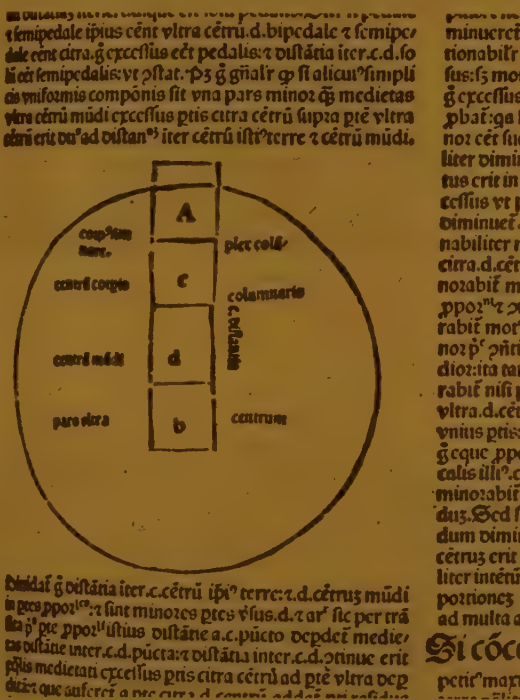


Illustration from the 1520 (Venice) edition of the *Liber Calculationum* of Richard Swineshead, a follower of Thomas Bradwardine, the fourteenth-century mathematician and theologian, who became Archbishop of Canterbury. In this passage Swineshead decides a problem concerning real stones and other heavy bodies by considering an idealized *corpus columnaris* ('a thin uniform rod') falling in a vacuum past the centre of the world.

study nature in terms of mathematics. The difference between the abstract precision of the mathematician's sphere and the less definite shape of a child's ball might seem slight, but it is surely enough to invalidate the application of rigorous mathematics to the ball. 'The mathematical subtleties are true in the abstract', says Simplicio, the spokesman for Aristotle in Galileo's works, 'but they do not hold good when applied to the physical matter of our senses. The mathematicians may prove well enough, for instance, that a sphere touches a plane in a point. But when one comes to the matter, things turn out quite another way'. Simplicio enlarges on this:

Why should it not be that in the case of a

to be among the first to defend the value of studying the mathematical aspects of change. But this is by no means so. Thomas Bradwardine, for example, in fourteenth-century Oxford, had set out the mathematical law which, in the writings of his followers, was held to govern change of all kinds. Unfortunately, like so many of the medieval contributions to scientific thought, it was not based on or tested by experiment. It was derived from the few simple rules of dynamics given by Aristotle—for instance, that by doubling the force moving a body you double the speed—and its merit was that it avoided the contradiction involved in the usual interpretation of Aristotle's thought. But Bradwardine and the other Fellows of Merton who adopted his law had insisted on both the possibility and the value of dealing with change mathematically, and their work is historically important because of the attention it attracted in Italy a couple of generations before Galileo. But it is difficult to prove that he personally owes them an important debt—although he mentions two of them in his writings—because during the sixteenth century the discussion of motion tended to be based more and more on ancient rather than medieval authors, and it was to 'the suprahuman Archimedes, whom I never mention without wonder' that Galileo turned.

A Tough Nut

The writings of Archimedes had been translated in the thirteenth century, but the structure of medieval education did not encourage the study of advanced mathematical works, and in any case a scholar with an imperfect manuscript copy must have found Archimedes a tough nut to crack. The rediscovery of his works, along with those of other Greek mathematicians, and the publication of printed editions a little before Galileo's time did much to encourage the development of the pure mathematics necessary for dealing with problems of moving bodies. It is at first sight surprising that he had so much influence on Galileo's physics, for he deals with bodies and fluids that are at rest. But he did have a deep insight into the paradoxical method of mathematical physics. We can understand this more easily if we turn for a moment to astronomy, the science to which in ancient times mathematics was most successfully applied. For this success there was a practical reason. When we look at the sky with the naked eye, we find ourselves faced with a situation presented to us by nature in simple mathematical terms: the earth is a sphere, most of the stars seem to be points of light carried round on another sphere, the sun and moon are round, and so on.

Nature seems to be inviting us to use mathematics to study the stars. In other sciences, when nature is less kind—and that is nearly always—we have to create the mathematical simplicity ourselves: in controlled experiment, perhaps; in our minds, certainly. This is what Archimedes clearly understood. The fluids he deals with possess only the mathematical properties relevant to the problem in hand. Unlike real fluids, they have no taste, no smell, no colour; no fish swim in them, no animals drink from them. And yet, by working with these ideal, mathematical fluids, Archimedes arrived at a better understanding of the way in which the broken branch of a

tree floats on the surface of a pond.

What was important was that the mathematics should relate to the real world. 'Anyone', says Galileo, 'may invent an arbitrary type of motion and discuss its properties. . . ; but we have decided to consider the phenomena of bodies falling with an acceleration such as actually occurs in nature'. Perhaps his aim was more limited than the older Aristotelian treatises on motion. Still, he had based himself on cunningly controlled experiments—the groove down which he rolled 'a hard, smooth and very round ball' was itself 'very straight, smooth and polished as possible' and lined with parchment 'also as smooth and polished as possible'—and, as a result, his achievements were at least definite and new, and they pointed the way for the future. He tells us:

My purpose is to set forth a very new science dealing with a very ancient subject. There is, in nature, perhaps nothing older than motion, about which the books written by philosophers are neither few nor small; all the same, I have discovered by experiment some properties of it which are worth knowing, and which have not hitherto been either observed or demonstrated.

He gives some examples—the law of freely falling bodies, or the path described by a cannon-ball—and continues:

But this and other facts, not few in number or less worth knowing, I have succeeded in proving; and, what I consider more important, there have been opened up to this vast and most excellent science, of which my work is merely the beginning, ways and means by which other minds more acute than mine will explore its remote corners.

It was now possible to point to examples that showed the value of the mathematical study of nature. But the seventeenth-century mathematization of nature went still further. Space had to become the featureless infinity of geometry, and change had to become no more than geometrical translations in that space. The transformation from the orderly world of Aristotle to the featureless universe of Descartes and Newton is linked with the dynamics of the time. As we saw, for Aristotle a stone in falling is moving towards its natural place in the scheme of things, and since it has only a finite distance to go its movement must come to an end. Similarly, if the stone is thrown violently upwards, then it will be only a matter of time before the violence is ended and the stone begins to fall. In either case, then, movement is finite.

Spinning Top and Rolling Ball

Galileo, however, fastened his attention on movements that do not fit so easily into the Aristotelian pattern. A top goes on spinning for a long time; and its movement cannot be natural, since it does not spin of its own accord; equally it cannot be violent, for by spinning the top is taken no further from its place in the scheme of things. If Copernicus is right, the same is true of the earth: its daily spin is neither natural nor violent, and it continues indefinitely.

Galileo's Salviati extracts some damaging admissions from Simplicio along these lines, though he does so—and this is significant—by dictating the terms of the argument and insisting upon them. He asks Simplicio what would happen to a ball placed on a smooth, downward-sloping surface, and he is told that the ball will begin to roll down with increasing

speed. He next asks what will happen if the ball is given a push up the slope, and he is told that it will slow down as it goes. Salviati now asks how the ball will act when placed on a horizontal surface. Simplicio says that it will stay still. And if it is pushed? Simplicio is caught. Since the ball is not running downhill, it will not gather speed. Since it is not rolling uphill, it cannot slow down, for Salviati has insisted firmly that the ball is hard and the surface perfectly smooth. It must therefore continue to move 'as long as that surface shall last'.

Inertial Motion

We have arrived at the concept of inertial motion that is not a process leading to fulfilment but rather movement in space, capable of continuing indefinitely. But we have not arrived at inertial motion in a straight line—for there is a snag. The surface, Salviati said, was horizontal, and, when you think about it, a horizontal surface is not a plane: it is a sphere that curves with the curvature of the earth. After all, a calm sea is a horizontal surface. And because of this, and other examples of circular motions that continue indefinitely, it is circular motion that for Galileo is special. There are still points of reference about which things move, just as for Aristotle the centre of the world, coincident with the centre of the earth, was the position to, from, or about which natural movement took place. We are not yet in a completely geometric space.

This last step came readily with the more abstract approach of Descartes, whose physics was, he said, nothing but geometry. The universe of Descartes is built up of only two constituents: matter, which he identified with space, and movement, no longer a process but existing in its own right as geometrical translations within that space. With Descartes, the mathematization of nature is carried to the limit; and when in time his universe was challenged by that of Newton, at least the two men had this much in common, that for them the book of nature is written in the language of mathematics.—*Third Programme*

Byre

The thatched roof rings like heaven where mice
Squeak small hosannahs all night long,
Scratching its golden pavements, skirting
The gutter's crystal river-song.

Wild kittens in the world below
Glare with one flaming eye through cracks,
Spurt in the straw, are tawny brooches
Spayed on the chests of drunken sacks.

The dimness becomes darkness as
Vast presences come mincing in,
Swagbellied Aphrodites, swinging
A silver slaver from each chin.

And all is milky, secret, female.
Angels are hushed and plain straws shine.
And kittens miaow in circles, stalking
With tail and hindleg one straight line.

NORMAN MACCAIG

Letters to the Editor

The New Australians

Sir,—Two Australians, Dr. C. Bridges-Webb and Mr. B. A. Levinson, have taken the trouble to challenge some of the views I expressed in a talk about New Australians, which you published on May 21. I am very glad that they have done so because their interest serves to air a subject that receives far too little attention in this country.

Where their opinions differ from mine, I feel there is little to be said. Your readers can decide between us as they think fit. But I would like to add a word or two on certain points of fact.

Mr. Levinson takes issue with me on the subject of corrugated iron roofs. Of Ballarat, he writes: 'No such roofs are there'. Mr. Levinson has been in S.W.1 too long. His memory serves him ill. I would be prepared to bet that at least one-third of the roofs in any medium-sized Australian town are made of corrugated iron; and very suitable it is.

He also states that the insurrection at Eureka Stockade was not suppressed 'ruthlessly'. As far as I remember, twenty-three diggers were killed. By this reckoning, the recent incident at Hola detention camp wasn't 'ruthless' either; by less than half.

I am prepared to agree with Dr. Bridges-Webb that a floater is not an Australian national dish; though I would have thought that fish and chips was an English one. But the question still remains: Is there anything unique and distinctive about Australian cooking? (I have been wondering about the claims of carpet-bag steak and kangaroo tail soup.)

The migration figures show that the number of Europeans going to Australia is now roughly equal to the number going from Britain. In the years to come, the European contribution is likely to be larger still. I feel justified therefore in stating that migration to Australia is no longer 'predominantly' from Britain.

Lastly, I have never met an Australian yet who did not 'suspect' that every visitor got no further than the big cities. For my part, I suspect that I have seen more of their country than either Mr. Levinson or Dr. Bridges-Webb.

Yours, etc.,

Crowborough CHRISTOPHER RALLING

Sir,—Mr. Christopher Ralling must have enjoyed reading the letters of Dr. C. Bridges-Webb and Mr. B. A. Levinson, because they unconsciously substantiated many of the points which he made in his excellent talk. It is not until one leaves Australia and lives in an overseas community in which one mixes only with 'foreigners' that one can view Australia with some objectivity. The qualities which Mr. Ralling noticed, the rawness, the dullness, the 'She'll do' philosophy, are all there (irrespective of the ignorance of Lincolnshire policewomen) and Europeans are bound to notice them. Melowness comes with age; that is why it is obvious in Europe, present in New England (U.S.A.), and absent in Southern California and Australia.

I am sure that many of the people who live in the United Kingdom, and who heard or read

Mr. Ralling's talk, would react much as he did were they to go to Australia as visitors or migrants. He is to be congratulated on his talk, even if he has annoyed some of his Australian listeners.

Yours, etc.,

WARWICK SMITH

Guildford

Natural Selection Re-examined

Sir,—Professor Good's dogmatic statements regarding natural selection (THE LISTENER, May 7), coming as they did at the end of the Darwin centenary, must indeed have perplexed and confused the public. They certainly came as a profound shock to biologists in general and particularly to ecological geneticists, who have spent so much of their time demonstrating natural selection at work in the field and its bearing on evolution. Nor has his recent answer (THE LISTENER, June 4) to Sir Julian Huxley's letter of May 28, shown any of us what his 'convincing evidence and austere argument' against the theory of evolution by natural selection really is. One is driven to the conclusion that either he must be unaware of much of the recent work which has been undertaken or that he must be unduly biased against it.

Experiments which give conclusive proof of the action of natural selection in nature have been carried out in many countries; as examples I would refer to those concerning predation by birds, on caterpillars in Holland (de Ruiter), mimetic butterflies in America (J. Brower) and in Britain on snails (P. M. Sheppard and Cain). One finds no reference to these in Professor Good's articles. In his original talk we met instead an ill-assorted series of statements calculated to discredit the importance of natural selection.

Having gratuitously paid tribute to Darwin and his hypotheses Professor Good proceeded to justify his own arguments against the significance of natural selection by various quite irrelevant issues. He claimed a 'steadily growing realization that natural selection is not, and can never have been, the principal cause of evolution'. He avoided the all-important issue of having himself to provide evidence against it by stating '... opponents are under no obligation to disprove it, nor under any necessity to find a more satisfactory substitute for it'. On the other hand it is the 'far-reaching scientific principles' which he wishes to discuss. In vain do we look for these throughout his articles. It is indeed ironical that Professor Good should now, in his latest letter, accuse Huxley of indulging in 'trying to discredit your opponent in advance'.

The general public should realize that the majority of scientists today believe that the evolution of living creatures is dependent upon two main factors. First, that the mechanism of inheritance provides an almost infinite range of variation. Secondly, that the survival of some variations more than others is decided by natural selection, which continuously tends to eliminate those individuals less suited to the conditions under which they have to live. Man, together with his domesticated animals (and plants), may alone be protected in part from

the effects and consequences of natural selection.

It is a great pity that Professor Good, before giving his beliefs to the public, did not air them at one of the many scientific gatherings so that he could be brought more up to date or at least learn the prevailing views of his co-workers. His recent letter provides no facts nor substance against the theory of evolution by natural selection. Instead there is a personal attack against Huxley's 'standards of scientific argument'. Huxley, in his 'seven points so painstakingly set out by numbers', gave a lucid and logical summary of the evidence for the case of evolution due to natural selection. We still await Professor Good's scientific evidence against it.

Yours, etc.,

H. B. D. KETTLEWELL

Oxford

'Wolfe at Quebec'

Sir,—Professor Carrington says that as a work of imagination my portrait of General Wolfe deserves high praise, but that it is not a true likeness. I see one man and he, apparently, sees another. Perhaps neither of us sees the real one; but it is, I think, unjust of him to accuse me of having invented a character because it is not drawn as he would have it drawn.

The complaint, of course, goes deeper than this. I have not, he rightly says, produced my evidence in the form of references in the text to the sources quoted in the bibliography, and I have not, he wrongly supposes, considered what weight should be given to the various Wolfe anecdotes. In particular I have repeated one anecdote for which he cannot find 'a shred of evidence' and taken 'unpardonable liberties' with another and 'well-authenticated' one.

It is, I suppose, quite possible that George II never said that he hoped Wolfe would bite some of his other generals. The Duke of Newcastle is, nevertheless, reported as having said that the King made the remark. And it is, I suppose, also quite possible that my version of the Gray's 'Elegy' story is false. It is, nevertheless, the version given (and I have not interfered with it, pardonably or otherwise) by one of those several men with whom John Robison discussed it. There are other versions of the story, as I mentioned in my book. All I claimed for the one I gave was that it was the 'most likely one'. Professor Carrington, evidently, prefers a different one. And he may be right. He cannot, I think, be sure that I am wrong.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

CHRISTOPHER HIBBERT

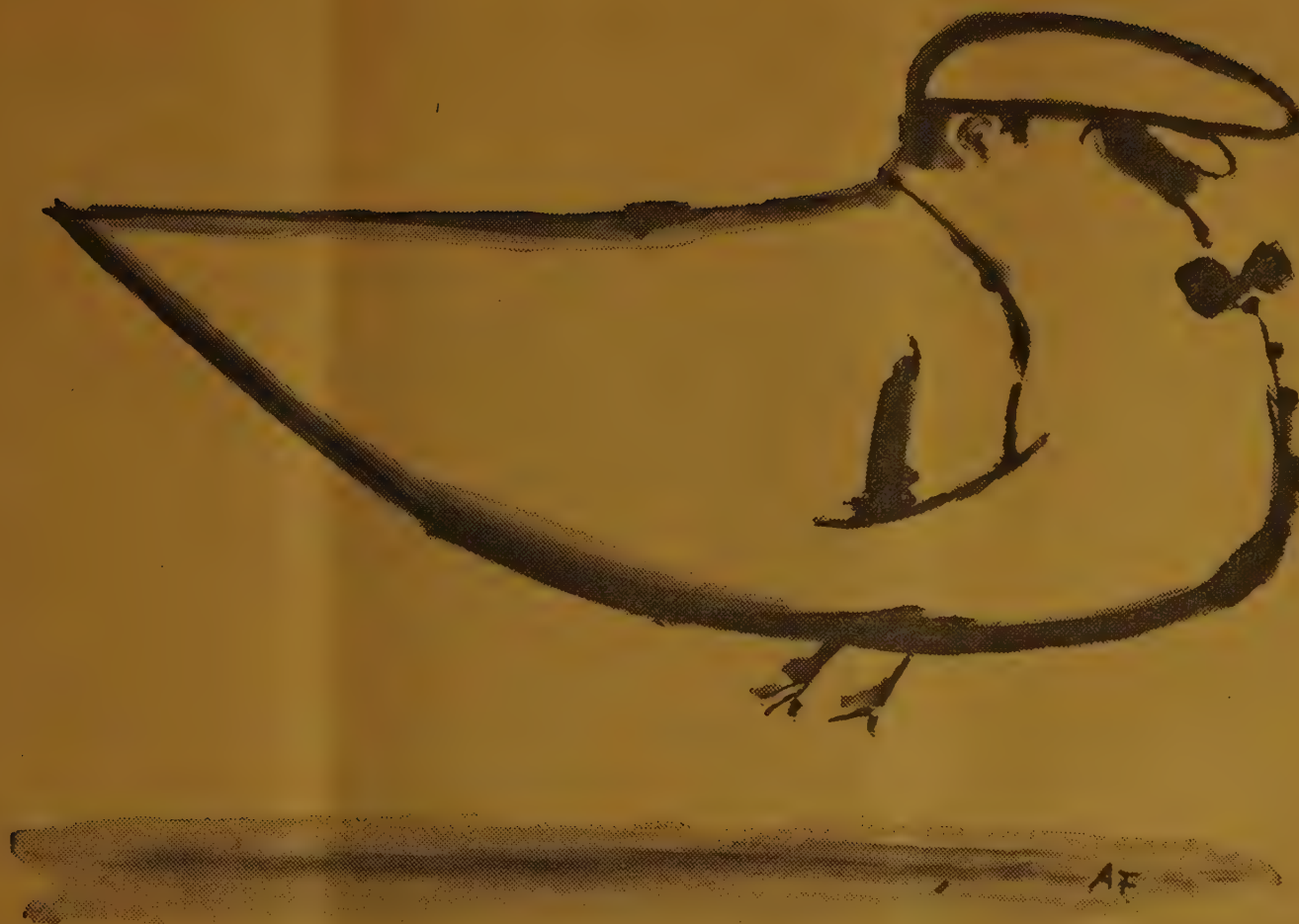
Sir,—'Well-authenticated' is a strong word for Mr. Carrington to use. In the context it implies unqualified corroboration by other witnesses of Wolfe's reciting Gray's 'Elegy'. If Mr. Carrington has this evidence he would be performing a service by revealing its whereabouts. Furthermore, he would then be in a better position to accuse me (by implication) of taking 'unpardonable liberties', by which, I presume, he means my *suggesting* another way in which this story might have originated.

Yours, etc.,

Billingshurst

W. BARING PEMBERTON

You chase space



Time lost in youth, dreaming, dozing. Precious hours. Recapture must in stratosphere.
Shave London. Breakfast New York. Chase space.

Jettery, you board plane. Comfort. Calm. Barley sugar. Hostess mostest.
Five minutes . . . precious minutes. Breathe.

Wilmot Breeden where? Somewhere. Make seats? *No*. Make hostess? *No, no*.
Make glass of whisky? *No*. Well, where? What? Which? Tell.

Make inlet guide vanes! No? Fact? Yes, yes, hollow blades, super-duper-special process.
What do? Guide air. Where? Out of sight, out of mind. So!
Make anti-icing ducts, hydraulics . . . So! Fascinating.

Hostess! Soda-whisky. Wilmot Breeden make this, make that.
For jet-planes and. For automobiles and.
Virtually every British car roads today carries some components Wilmot Breeden!
New York. Time for breakfast . . .

A Double Gift

PATRIC DICKINSON on Isaac Rosenberg

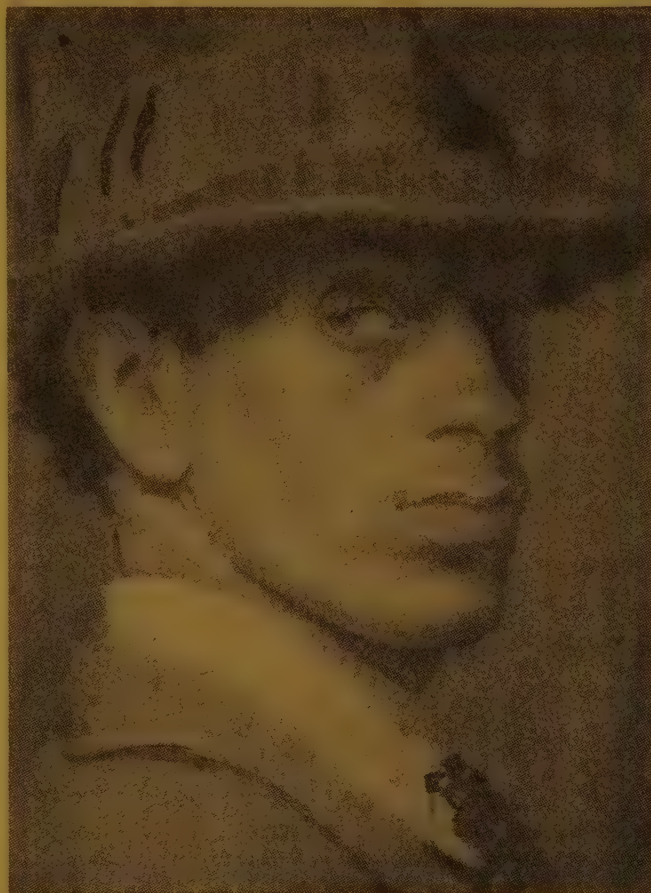
IT is over forty-one years since Isaac Rosenberg (1890-1918) was killed. In 1922 Edith Sitwell wrote that he was 'one of the two great poets killed in the war'. Nobody wrote that he was also one of the most promising painters—principally because almost nobody save the immediately discerning Edward Marsh and a few fellow-painters had seen his work. The neglect into which he has fallen can neither be denied nor justified. But it can be explained. I think it is largely a matter of bad timing.

In 1932 Dr. F. R. Leavis wrote of the 'war-poets': 'Wilfred Owen was really a remarkable poet and his verse is technically interesting. His reputation is becoming well established. Isaac Rosenberg was equally remarkable and even more interesting technically and he is hardly known'. In 1931 a new and full edition of Owen had been published and its influence upon the new generation of poets—in particular upon Auden and Thomas—was soon obvious. Rosenberg's work was not fully available until 1937, by which time the general style of the 'thirties had become set. Equally, the shadow of a new war was looming, and few people wished to hark back to discover the work of a young genius killed in the old. It is a pity the word genius has become debased by a too fulsome usage. There is no other word to use for Rosenberg. Reading his poems and plays and looking at his pictures should restore its proper meaning.

The University of Leeds has currently an exhibition of his work—as many paintings, drawings, MSS., as could be assembled. This has come about through the energetic enthusiasm of the Gregory Fellow of Poetry, Mr. Jon Silkin, and of Mr. Maurice de Sausmarez, head of the Fine Art department.

Rosenberg was only twenty-four at the outbreak of war and it is therefore inevitable that his painting should have developed less than his poetry. You can, as he did, write poems or even a play on scraps of paper in canteens, in barrack-rooms, even in the trenches; you cannot paint. Yet enough paintings survive from the time before he joined the army that show real achievement and tantalize with expectation. Rosenberg had no money; he was sent to the Slade through the generosity of three Jewish ladies, and comes of the generation of Spencer, Roberts, Nevinson, Gertler and Bomberg. Some of his earlier pictures are land- and sea-scapes which have much of the quality of Boudin—the sea-scape lent by Mrs. Gollancz being particularly fine. His thoughts turned towards portraiture because it offered a means of livelihood, but those who see this exhibition need not imagine that the several increasingly ironical self-portraits imply narcissism. It was simply that he could paint himself free. But such portraits as

that of Sonia Joslen are more than ample evidence of what he might have achieved, bearing in mind that he wrote 'mere representation is unreal, is fragmentary. The bone taken from Adam remains a bone'. In his note in the catalogue (and incidentally how excellently printed



A self-portrait by Isaac Rosenberg (1915): from the exhibition at the University of Leeds

and produced it is) Mr. de Sausmarez remarks that 'He was moving towards a compression of experience rather than towards the schematic'. This is undoubtedly true, and such a beautiful symbolic picture as *Sacred Love* indicates one way in which his imagination was moving. But I do not think that he would ever have wished, in his own mode, to aim at Blakeian conceptions. The driving force of his genius was neither moral nor didactic; it was dramatic. His painting is not at odds with his poetry, as much as superficially it might appear to be. Simply it had not moved so fast or so far. Consider such an image as

A frozen pool whereon mirth dances
Where the shining boys would fish
or this passage taken from one of his finest poems, *Chagrin*:

Invisibly—branches break
From invisible trees—
The cloud-woods where we rush,
Our eyes holding so much,

Which we must ride dim ages round
Ere the hands (we dream) can touch,
We ride, we ride, before the morning
The secret roots of the sun to tread,
And suddenly
We are lifted of all we know
And hang from implacable boughs.

—complex though they are, his images are never abstract. Had they been translated into paint, the figures and the situations would have had a human solidity, Adam's bones would have become articulate with prophecy. But 'an idea in painting is only one because it cannot be put into words':—he also wrote, 'I believe in myself more as a poet than a painter. I think I get more depth in my writings'.

All his life as a creator I believe he was trying to make an equation between the actual world in his painter's eye and the kind of spiritual world of which one learns in reading the prophets. He was writing one poem, as it were, all his life, and one of the words which constantly recur in his work is the word 'root'. Its significance is manifold: the rootlessness of his race, of his own family, of himself as an artist (I mean in every sense) and of seeking for a primal cause. It is his two late dramatic pieces that most perfectly display his gifts. Some years ago the late Edwin Muir wrote 'When his own utterance comes through as it does again and again, particularly in *Moses* and in the dramatic fragment *The Unicorn*, it is the utterance of a great poet, how great we cannot perhaps realize yet'.

We have not realized yet. Rosenberg's use of dramatic language is unique. It is rich in texture and the reverse of colloquial, yet it moves like natural speech; the expanded imagery does not halt its flow:

... his tender airs chill me
As thoughts of sleep to a man tiptoed night-long
Roped round his neck for sleep means death to him.

The energy, vitality, and grandeur of his language combined with the tautness of its rhythms make an idiom that is neither fustian nor pseudo-Shakespearean, but allied to the speech-rhythms of our time—hence its impact. Sir Herbert Read spoke at the opening of the exhibition of the 'semi-oblivion' into which Rosenberg has fallen. Since the exhibition at the Whitechapel Gallery in 1937 we have never had a chance to see his pictures, though his poems are still in print. I hope that a wider audience than can get to Leeds may have the opportunity to recognize at last what we lost when he was killed.

Two exhibitions are now on view in Manchester: the Robinow collection of objects of ancient Egyptian civilization is to be seen at the Museum, paintings and drawings by L. S. Lowry at the Art Gallery.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Edward Marsh. By Christopher Hassall.
Longmans. 42s.

Reviewed by **SIR JOHN ROTHENSTEIN**

MR. CHRISTOPHER HASSALL has raised a worthy memorial to his intimate friend Sir Edward Marsh, in the form of a biography that is long (over 700 pages), detailed, accurate and written with the distinction to be expected of a fine poet. It celebrates a full and fruitful life spent very close to the principal centres of artistic, literary, political and social activity. It contains a great quantity of unpublished information about a large number of people in whom interest is likely to endure, and it will accordingly remain an invaluable and in certain cases a necessary work of reference. In it are recorded many entertaining and illuminating stories of people about whom one can never hear too much. Henry James, on an unsuccessful marionette performance: 'An interesting example, my dear Marsh, of Economy. Economy of Means—and—and Economy of Effect'. Sir Winston and Marsh himself, 'marking' the ladies as they entered a ballroom door, on the basis of Marlowe's line 'Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?' . . . '200 ships?' . . . 'By no means. A covered sampan, or small gunboat at most'. It is a book that brings one into the presence of the great often at their best in the admiring yet acutely discriminating company of Marsh himself.

Eddie Marsh often observed of himself that he was by nature a midwife—a midwife to spirits more creative than himself. This observation was a just one, and in this book we see him in his several principal theatres of action pre-eminently as a midwife of the rarest accomplishment: as the editor of *Georgian Poetry*, as the 'diabolizer' (this is to say, the finder of faults, the carper, for the eventual benefit of the work of authors) as the patron of artists, and as the devoted secretary to Sir Winston Churchill and others. For writers some of the book's most fascinating sections are those dealing with 'diabolization', in particular the example of the 'diabolizer' at work, upon Mr. Somerset Maugham's *The Summing Up*, and exchanging opinions with Sir Winston about questions of prose style.

The ease with which this biography appears to have been written is deceptive, for it has in fact been written in the face of difficulties that would have discouraged a less resourceful writer and a less loyal friend than Mr. Hassall. At first glance Marsh would seem to be an easy subject: a highly idiosyncratic character, who preserved almost every scrap of paper pertaining to himself, a voluminous and entertaining correspondent, an intimate of the illustrious. A cinch, one might think, but a closer contemplation of the subject himself would shake a biographer's confidence. For he was without any overriding aim: 'with him', writes Mr. Hassall, 'the governing factor (in so far as there was one at all) was never the thing he wanted to do but the person that he wanted to be with'. And this want of aim, of long-term aim at least,

makes the distinction between what is relevant and what is not a question of continuous hair's breadth discrimination. This 'natural scholar of language', this possessor of a singularly pure and exact sense of prose style, was positively bored by abstract ideas and little interested in general ideas of any kind, which it is, after all, one of the principal functions of language to express. The near and the small were what chiefly engaged him: 'he was incapable of any kind of transcendental belief', but 'an ornament of society with an inexhaustible fund of small talk; one, moreover, for whom no talk would be too small'.

Edward Marsh had a rational, eighteenth-century cast of mind; he had a keen aesthetic sensibility, though as a collector of pictures this was often at war with and sometimes the loser to the claims of friendship. His friendships were, in fact, his overriding preoccupation. The biographer of a personality so lacking in a central core and in long-term aims must beware, for if, writes Mr. Hassall, he 'should start paring away the inessentials, as he must, he must be careful where he stops, or he will discover that the man . . . whom they composed has mysteriously gone as well'. When in doubt he has accordingly included, and though some will perhaps consider this biography disproportionately long, others will discover in it not only a full-length portrait of a lovable, original and highly gifted man but a microcosm of the society in which he moved.

Young Victorians

By Marion Lochhead. Murray. 21s.
The Victorian Child. By F. Gordon Roe.
Phoenix House. 12s. 6d.

The neo-Victorian Age is upon us. The Law Courts have become a shrine for the Betjemanites, and the Charing Cross Hotel has its votaries. Quilted plush, wax fruit, and bizarre confections of shells are considered *de rigueur*. The appearance of two more books on Victorian childhood should therefore be hailed with delight; and Victorian revivalists will no doubt fall upon them as if they were gleaming bargains on an undiscovered stall in the Portobello Road.

Miss Lochhead's *Young Victorians* is a sequel to her study *Their First Ten Years* and recalls Victorians from ten to twenty. And so, alas, it cannot sweep us into the Beeton wonderland where battalions of nurses are dispensing muffins for tea; instead, it takes us into a harsher working world. And harsh it is. At Eton, we learn, in the eighteen-forties, the boys endured what 'might have broken down a cabin boy and would be thought inhuman if inflicted on a galley-slave'; Wykehamists lived an almost monastic life (though after 1850 they no longer had to wash at a frozen conduit); and Thring, at Uppingham, though he had a kindly heart, considered that 'flogging was the very best remedy for some breaches of discipline'.

Such were the privileges enjoyed by the upper classes; those of the lower classes were, it seems, almost non-existent. Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruth* was distressingly true: the lot of a dressmaker's

assistant resembled slavery, and Victorian ballrooms were haunted by the shadows of little sempstresses. At the height of a London season, records Miss Lochhead, one girl 'had not been allowed to change her dress for nine days, but had been made to lie down on a mattress on the floor of the workroom. At seventeen she was totally blind'. It is a terrifying picture to neo-Victorians in their welfare state; and somehow, for all Miss Lochhead's accounts of Victorian house-parties ('a very nice house, miss, I call it, and the housekeeper and her ladyship's maid most affable'): for all the tea-gowns and pretty tastes in furniture, food, and wine, it is the oppressed nine-tenths that one remembers. There were volcanic upheavals in education; there was unbounded national prestige; and, for some, there was unexampled prosperity. But in many ways the Victorian Age was intensely uncomfortable, and those who lament that they did not see the light in 1840 will be restored to their senses by this book.

The Victorian Child does not go so deep as *Young Victorians*: it is the nostalgic musings of a man of late Victorian vintage. Mr. Roe understands the defects of the Victorians: he deplores their materialism, their stupidly snobbish attitude to poverty: 'It became pretty obvious that it was not only had but (somehow) *wrong* to be very poor'. None the less, he is mostly concerned with the child's-eye view of toys and games and hobbies, of dress and holidays and entertainments, and he leaves a warm impression of a Du Maurier world, 'of loving relations and nannies, of metal baths placed upon towels, of coal fires burning cosily behind tall wire fenders or fire-guards, of the hot, tangy smell of newly aired linen, of gas brackets, oil lamps, and candles and nightlights and all the other things that meant Home'. He is, in fact, most comforting; he restores the *status quo* and recalls the Victorian childhood of which we dream.

It seems ungrateful to call Mr. Roe superficial or obvious. It is sad to report that Miss Lochhead has no style. And yet, if I am honest, I must do both. I feel the Victorian child has yet to be given its book.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

Moving into Aquarius

By Michael Tippett.
Routledge and Kegan Paul. 18s.

How difficult it is to write about music is known only to those who have tried. One would have thought that the practitioner, the man right inside the art, would do the trick best, the creative musician best of all since he knows the whereabouts in himself of the very springs of creation. But it is not so and it seems we shall never learn the truth of this because the man himself cannot speak to our questioning condition.

Michael Tippett in this rare book comes near to it when writing about his opera *The Midsummer Marriage* (the essay is called *The Birth of an Opera* and is the most considerable in this book) and about what preceded that work in his mind. But this inquiry, interesting as it is and valuable too, resolves itself into a disquisi-

tion upon comparative dramatic values as between the characters in an opera plot; our teasing question 'But how did you come to choose precisely that one melodic outline, harmonic texture, rhythmic scheme and only that for this particular situation?' remains hanging by a thread just out of our reach. In reality Tippet is out for other things, notably the position of the artist in society today and the position of man, be he artist or scientist or whatever, *vis-à-vis* the powers, either dark or luminous, that rule the destinies not merely of his body but his soul. About the first Tippet is unhappy, feeling as he does the need to communicate with more than a circle of understanding listeners. As for the second and greater problem he instances the plight of the artist in a totalitarian society and cannot offer a solution to that terror.

How penetrating his insight and profound his sympathy can be discovered on page 149 (the essay 'Too many choices') ending with 'This predicament then becomes, to the man who suffers it, a kind of challenge—and I dread to think what kind of personal response it sometimes demands'. That is well said, the kind of avowal one longs to have made on one's own tongue-tied initiative. I have said he offers no solution. But it may well be that I, reading his sometimes difficult but always rewarding prose, have crassly missed an important clue that could lead a more perceptive reader to a conclusion hidden from me. What does attract me is the fact that here is a creative musician facing these problems and striving to explain the artist's attitude to them in terms of an art not his own, in literature not music. I salute his courage.

SCOTT GODDARD

In Defence of the Earth. By Kenneth Rexroth. Hutchinson. 15s.

As father confessor and elder statesman to the notorious Beat Generation of American writers, Mr. Rexroth is entitled to a share of our critical attention. In *Defence of the Earth*, his first collection of poems to be published in this country, is of very mixed quality and will leave most readers with comparably mixed feelings. There are two Mr. Rexroths (to grossly over-simplify the matter): the one an arguer, discourser, campaigner, vilifier; the other a quietist poet of nature, simple humanity and love.

The first Mr. Rexroth is an unquestioned light-weight. Here for example are the opening lines of the last poem in his book (lines which thus occupy a position of considerable importance):

Most of the world's poetry
Is artifice, construction.
No one reads it but scholars.
After a generation
It has grown so overcooked,
It cannot be digested.
There is little I haven't
Read, and dreary stuff it was.
Lamartine—Gower—Tasso—

I imagine that, on perusal of these lines, something like the following is liable to pass through any sane educated person's head. 'Lines 1-2: Not most of it, all of it. Ditto all the world's conversation, omelettes and trouser-buttons. So what? Line 3: Oh come off it, Rexroth, don't be an ass! How many thousand Donnes, Keatses, Brookes, Day Lewises, lie at this very moment beneath schoolgirls' pillows? Lines 4-6: If these

lines mean anything, they mean that Shakespeare, Blake, Yeats, can no longer supply the mind with any nourishment. Oh come off it, Rexroth, etc. Lines 7-8: Look, don't be fatuous. If you read it for ten hours a day for fifty years you wouldn't have got through a tenth of the "world's poetry" at the end of it. Brushed up your Croatian recently? How about your Assyrian? A very idle and explodable boast. Lines 8-9: Dreariness is what you bring to them, not what you find'.

The other general comment that will occur to the reader will be that he has not been reading verse. And he will be quite right. He has not. In certain aspects Mr. Rexroth is simply an anti-poet writing in non-verse. I hope I should be the last person to apply that term except in a purely factual way: but this poet's method is simply to put seven syllables in a line and leave it at that. If the line refuses to work out at seven, then you put in eight, or nine, or six. This is not to be called metre, on any interpretation. In discursive poetry, of course, this matters less: but Mr. Rexroth applies it with eighteenth-century impartiality to everything he touches. So his *Bestiary* (a collection of short gnomic verses on animals) and his *Mother Goose* (some of whose vapid indecencies are fitter for walls than paper) cry out for rhyme and/or metre, and get neither. So far as this first Mr. Rexroth is concerned, the champion of the beatniks, his voice a cheap thin scream of irrelevant and ill-argued anger, singularly fails to impress.

However, Mr. Rexroth is not alone among poets in being better at love than hate. He shows that same strange combination of poetic insight and pure cussedness that reminds one, coming nearer home, of Mr. Hugh MacDiarmid. In this mood Mr. Rexroth speaks of his love for his wife or, rising into a thin cold air high above reason rather than noisily flying in the face of it, writes of nature with a pure and mindless intensity. The element of metre is still lacking in this poetry; but the other elements of verse are strongly there—

All day clouds drift up the canyon.
By noon the high peaks are hidden.
Thunder mutters in the distance.
Suddenly the canyon is gone.
My camp on its narrow ledge is
Isolated in swirling mist.
... White hailstones fall
Awry between the red pine trunks.
They rattle on my tent. I catch
Some and watch them melt in my hand.
As evening comes, birds ruffle
Their feathers, and fly gingerly
From branch to branch, and sing a few
Notes, while through the orange twilight
Fall green, widely spaced drops of rain.

HILARY CORKE

The Sixth Sense: an Inquiry into Extra-sensory Perception. By Rosalind Heywood. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

The writer of this book has been for many years an active member of the Society for Psychical Research and is at present a member of its Council. The Society has no collective opinions concerning the matters which it investigates, and Mrs. Heywood is, of course, alone responsible for her choice of topics and for the views which she expresses about them. But her long and close connexion with the S.P.R., and her familiarity

with the vast mass of material which it has collected, sifted, and published in the seventy-seven years of its existence, are a guarantee that she knows what she is talking about and furnish a strong presumption that her judgments will be equally remote from dogmatic incredulity and uncritical acceptance of claims to paranormality. A study of the book fully confirms these expectations. The wide range of topics which it covers, the high evidential standard of most of the cases presented, the clarity of the exposition, and the sanity and balance of the judgments expressed, combine to make this an excellent introduction to psychical research for any intelligent reader. Should such a reader wish to pursue his or her studies further, the book provides ample opportunities by its many references to original sources in the *Proceedings* or the *Journal* of the S.P.R. and elsewhere.

Mrs. Heywood begins with three mainly historical chapters, leading up to the foundation and early work of the S.P.R. and the publication of those two classics in the subject, *Phantasms of the Living*, by Gurney, Myers, and Podmore, and *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, by Myers. These are followed by seven chapters on various phenomena of trance-mediumship. Three of these are devoted to the personality and main achievements of the two most distinguished and irreproachable of professional trance-mediums, the late Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Osborne Leonard. The S.P.R. was fortunate to have among its members and associates several ladies, of high intelligence and culture, who developed the power of automatic writing. They produced scripts, some of the contents of which seem to be quite inexplicable in terms of any knowledge which the writer could have acquired, either consciously or unconsciously, by any recognized means. The correlations between certain themes in scripts produced at much the same time by different writers, at great distances apart and in ignorance of each others' activities, strongly suggest the action of a single planning agent of great ingenuity, with a store of highly specific classical and literary knowledge. Such correlated and complementary fragments of a single theme are known as 'cross-correspondences'.

Mrs. Heywood devotes two of these seven chapters to the difficult task of presenting samples of them to the reader. In the scripts there are repeated statements that the cross-correspondences are being deliberately produced by the deceased Gurney, Myers, and others, as evidence of their continued existence and activity. One of these non-professional mediums, 'Mrs. Willett', in a long series of sittings with the second Earl of Balfour, gave, while more or less in trance, very elaborate information, purporting to come mainly from Gurney and Myers, as to the methods which they had to use and the difficulties which they encountered in getting a cross-correspondence through to the scripts of the various automatic writers concerned. Mrs. Heywood gives some account of these communications in another of these seven chapters.

Turning from trance-mediumship, the author devotes three chapters to experimental work, partly qualitative and partly quantitative, designed to establish the occurrence of extra-sensory cognition under experimental conditions. Here she sketches the methods and results of such workers as Professor Rhine, Dr. Soal, Mr. Tyrrell, and Mr. Whately Carrington. The book



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YOU CAN BE SURE OF



ends with an interesting appendix entitled 'Some Explanations and Hypotheses'. This gives a brief account of the very little in the way of theory which has been propounded (a) by two persons with a background in physical science (Tyrrell and Carington), (b) by a biologist (Professor Sir A. C. Hardy), (c) by three psychologists (Freud, Professor Jung, and Professor Gardner Murphy), and (d) by two philosophers (Professor H. H. Price—to be carefully distinguished from the ill-famed Harry of that ilk—and the present reviewer).

C. D. BROAD

The Oxford Book of Medieval Latin Verse. Newly selected and edited by F. J. E. Raby. Oxford 28s.

When the first edition of this book was published in 1928 the editor, Stephen Gaselee, clearly felt that he was introducing his readers to an unfamiliar landscape. Since then much water has flowed under the bridges, and medieval Latin literature has been studied with an eagerness only less than that expended upon medieval thought. Even while Gaselee was choosing his pieces there had appeared the *History of Christian-Latin Poetry* by Mr. F. J. E. Raby, which took immediate rank as a classic in its field. Now, thirty years later, Dr. Raby is re-editing Gaselee's book.

It is significant that the number of pieces has risen from 111 to 290, occupying 446 pages in lieu of 204. Those familiar with the earlier book may, however, be surprised to find that many omissions have been made from Gaselee's selection. It would be interesting, if space allowed, to examine some of these changes in detail; here it can only be remarked that Dr. Raby's width of reading and expertise are certainly greater even than Gaselee's, and that, when all is said and done, medieval Latin poetry has relatively few masterpieces that no anthologist would dare omit, while the number of technically excellent or otherwise interesting poems is great.

The precise poetic value of the greater part of medieval Latin poetry may be debated for ever. To some it would seem almost a law of human psychology and art that the highest poetic achievement, and above all the highest lyrical achievement, is unattainable save in a mother-tongue. The exercises of a Calverley or a Jebb—even those of a Milton—while indistinguishable from Virgil or Sophocles or Horace by any linguistic or acoustic test, nevertheless lack the one thing needful, the power to transmit experience and emotion. It might, indeed, be argued that for the writers of the early portion of this selection Latin was still the mother-tongue, while to the others it was at least the language in which they had written and prayed since childhood. Yet the fact remains that the lyrical output in medieval Latin verse is insignificant; the masterpieces are almost all parts of the liturgy, and fall into the one great art-form that Latin Christianity gave to the West—the hymn written in stanzas and, later, in rhyme. If hymns and sequences were omitted, there would be little left in this book that could be prized on purely poetic grounds.

Dr. Raby contributes an interesting introduction and fifty pages of scholarly notes. He upholds the authorship of Thomas of Celano for the *Dies Irae* (originally an independent poem lacking the last four lines of the sequence in the

missal), while attributing the *Stabat Mater* (also originally a meditation) to an unknown Franciscan, not Jacopone da Todi. Stephen Langton is left in possession of the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* to set beside his well-known prose work published at Runnymede, and Dr. Raby himself has successfully vindicated the *Adoro Te Devote* for Aquinas—surely his most moving composition. Liturgical experts will note a number of small textual emendations, such as the certainly correct, but phonetically awkward, *in lumine* for the meaningless *in homine* in the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* and *censebit* for *sedebit* in the sixth stanza of the *Dies Irae*. When all is said, no medieval poet ever surpassed St. Ambrose and his school in hymn-writing; it would not have been unreasonable to print all the twenty-six ferial hymns of the monastic breviary. Of all hymns perhaps the *Veni Creator* is the most magnificent, with *Ut queant laxis* of St. John Baptist running it close. The anonymous English author of *Dulcis Jesu memoria*, like so many medieval writers, though touching a strangely beautiful note, made the fatal mistake of entering for the mile instead of the hundred yards.

DAVID KNOWLES

Albert Camus. By Albert Maquet Calder. 22s.

It is not so much the author of this book who provokes a quarrel but his English publisher. 'Until now', the blurb insists, 'there has not been a study of Camus worthy of him as a subject', and presumably the excuse for this oddly worded claim is to be found in M. Maquet's first sentence: 'The work of Albert Camus is of the kind that requires us to be worthy of it'. This reverential approach becomes a little suspect when it is used to avoid any reference to Mr. Philip Thody's excellent book where reverence is modified by the exercise of critical insight. Obviously a publisher will not advertise a rival on the dust-jacket but this English edition of M. Maquet's essay does include a detailed bibliography with a section (not included in the available French text) listing 'Articles in English devoted to Albert Camus'; the inquisitive reader will thus be able to consult more easily the files of *Time* and *The Saturday Review of Literature* without having his attention drawn to an indispensable book.

Is M. Maquet responsible for this bibliography? When he published his essay in 1956 neither *La Chute* nor *L'Exil et le Royaume* had appeared; this English edition studies both these works and refers to the Nobel award of 1957. Has M. Maquet brought his book up to date? The publisher does not tell us—yet there is no trace, as far as I have been able to discover, of any revised or later printing in France. And who is M. Maquet's translator? We are not told—a reversion, it would seem, to the bad old days when anonymous translations were good enough for the English market.

It is not very easy to justify another book on Camus at this stage of his career. M. Maquet's, in spite of that dreadful first sentence, has the merit of straightforward exposition even if it must peer through the haze of translation: 'a veritable decalomania' for 'déalisme fidèle' is an example which will commend itself to the plain reader only if he is versed in the processes of ceramics. The connections between Camus's creative and theoretical work are traced clearly enough, the lines of development are

disengaged and the cyclical movement which turns back to the North African shore—'the invincible summer', as M. Maquet calls this constant in Camus's thought—is exposed. All this is done adequately, but it is only when a critic is prepared to go a stage further and enter into the particular difficulties and hesitations in this thought that a study of Camus becomes really valuable. *Non sum dignus* is an approach which must be an embarrassment to M. Camus and is of no service to his readers.

What has made Camus an exemplary figure in our time is that he has known how to keep silent when his admirers wanted him to speak, and how to speak when his detractors would have preferred him to keep quiet. Indeed it is arguable that Camus is more impressive when he is silent because then at least we are assured that he is resisting the efforts of his adulators to turn him into a secular messiah. He has had his fill of sneers and calumny and he has borne it with dignity, but even this cannot be quite such an agony as a vocation for detachment lived out in a public career. More than any other contemporary writer Camus should be left to speak for himself as he edges his mind round the problems of our world. Better than any interpretation of his thought is his most recent book, *Actuelles III*, where we are able to watch him at work on the Algerian question in a series of essays which range from 1939 (one of his earliest writings) to 1958.

H. G. WHITEMAN

Fear God and Dread Nought, Vol. III.

Edited by Arthur J. Marder.

Cape. £2 10s.

The third and final volume of Professor Marder's edition of the correspondence of Lord Fisher covers the period from 1914 to 1920. These years saw his return to the post of First Sea Lord, which he occupied from October 1914 to May 1915; his resignation, which took place on the immediate question of his opposition to the continuation of the Dardanelles Campaign but which was the confirmation of months of incompatibility between himself and the equally masterful First Lord, Winston Churchill ('He is a bigger danger than the Germans!', wrote Fisher); his recall in July 1915 to take the chairmanship of the Board of Invention and Research where, always hoping that he would return to real power, he served until the end of the war; and his last eighteen months of life in retirement, which were largely spent in writing letters to *The Times*.

The book is well edited, like its predecessors; but because it deals with the years of the first world war it suffers more than they did from two disadvantages. Much of the ground has already been covered and many of the letters already printed elsewhere. In the second place, the repetitiveness of the collection is pronounced—virtually the same letter is often printed three or four times in the slightly different versions which Fisher sent to different correspondents. But these disadvantages will be felt only by the general reader: professional historians will welcome the decision to make the collection as comprehensive as possible, as also the news that Professor Marder will himself be the first to make use of it in a study of British sea-power from 1904 to 1918 that will supplement his earlier work on the years from the eighteen-eighties to 1904.

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Causes

AS 'PANORAMA' came on the air last week, over in the Mansion House the Lord Mayor of London was officially opening the World Refugee Year. Appropriately, 'Panorama' covered this, since one of its team, Christopher Chataway, was among those who originally put forward the idea. John Freeman interviewed the Prime Minister and the Labour and Liberal leaders, who not surprisingly were agreed that this was a good cause, though the £200,000 Mr. Macmillan said Britain was contributing seems a very modest sum when you compare it with what is spent annually on weapons for the destruction of mankind. It seems a pity, too, that we cannot undertake to give a home to many more refugees. After the interviews the Lord Mayor unveiled Dame Laura Knight's symbol of the campaign, a hand outstretched against the darkness.

The aim of the World Refugee Year is to close the European camps altogether and to make a start, at least, on those in the east. We were reminded on film—and we cannot be reminded too often—of what life has been like for these people for ten years or more. The old and sick are the biggest problem. The United Nations and the voluntary agencies have done their best, but these homeless millions remain the scandal of the age. There could be no better international cause to dedicate a year to.

'Panorama' also investigated what seemed like an extremely bad cause—the strike at a Birkenhead shipyard caused by a dispute between the shipwrights and the boilermakers as to who should draw a white line. The management, who wouldn't let the cameras inside the yards, have been criticized for not consulting the unions when the work was first handed out. But the union representatives, who lumbered through their interview in a highly unimpressive way, admitted that it was their business to sort out these absurd demarcation disputes. Robert Kee sharply suggested that they might get a move on. Many of the workers were against the strike,

though a few muttered stubbornly about 'principle'.

Another good cause, that of keeping children with bad homes off the streets of a big city, formed the subject of this month's edition of 'It Happened to Me'. P.C. Bob Hardcastle, who lost his own son, is a juvenile liaison officer of the Liverpool City Police. We met him at the Rodney Youth Centre, where probation takes the practical form of a club with music classes, gymnasium, and so on—'twopence at the door if you've got it, and you're in for the evening'. Of 6,000 children who have come under the scheme so far, only eight per cent. have committed any subsequent offence. In view of such success, evident also on the faces of the children we saw, it was disturbing to learn that this centre is to be closed for demolition and that no alternative premises have yet been found. With all the money spent on catching hardened criminals, it seems strange that there is any difficulty in finding money to prevent young people drifting into lives like that led by one girl who spoke on the programme: she was raped at fourteen and became a prostitute at sixteen. The matter-of-fact way in which she told her frightening story was proof enough, if proof were needed, of the importance of this work.

In comparison with the sort of real-life violence to which children like those we saw in 'It Happened to Me' are exposed, Thursday's 'Lifeline' seemed a well-meaning but vague discussion by three nice, enlightened, middle-class parents, on the effect on children of toy flame-throwers and scenes of violence on the screen. It was easy enough to assemble that undiscriminating anthology of film excerpts, from the Crucifixion, Dickens, and saloon gunfights. But it gets you nowhere to suggest that the film of *Great Expectations* is harmful because some parents let children watch it when they are too young to understand it. One did, though, agree wholeheartedly that no purpose whatsoever is

served by the manufacture and sale of 'realistic' toy soldiers in attitudes of agony. Surely there is a case for legislation here, just as much as for flick-knives. Unlike violent Westerns, such toys must be made specifically for children—a nasty thought. But otherwise it remains up to parents—such was the inevitable conclusion of this and all similar discussions—to be as sensible as the three in 'Lifeline', and if in doubt to ring up the nearest psychiatrist who is on the National Health Service.



Children in a Liverpool street seen in the documentary programme 'It Happened to Me' on June 2

'Tonight' is having a well-earned and needed rest. Its variety has been as inexhaustible as ever, but some of its interviewers were getting a little stale and tending to ask everybody the same stock questions. But how I miss Alan Whicker, whose recent reports from the South Pacific have been well up to his own high standard. Meanwhile, 'Monday to Friday' is standing in, and seems to be settling down pleasantly enough: Charles Richardson, who used to do 'Saturday Night on the Light', is a warm and sympathetic interviewer. I found some of the compère a trifle facetious—I felt as if I was being nudged a lot of the time—and there is, for my taste, too much 'pop' music of the ogling variety. The documentary items I saw included a report on missing persons and a visit to the ancient Whitechapel bell-foundry where Big Ben was cast.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA

Home and Abroad

LAST WEEK was one of those periods when there is more excess of television drama than lack of it. After we had travelled to Lorca's Spain for *Blood Wedding*, a florid affair which has been too floridly praised in the past, we were taken to the west of Scotland for further maternal pride and distress in Ada Abbott's *Mother of Men* and then back to England for Hilda Lessways and the Staffordshire folk. Next came a mining village in the north and the scenes behind the scenes in the town hall of an industrial town. A highly educational seven days.

This last piece, *The Driving Force*, given on Sunday night, offered a stimulating change from the routine topics of crime and sex. There is, for me at least, always a fresh interest in a close and accurate picture of ordinary persons doing the kind of work that gives them a living while it shapes our lives. As a ratepayer I want to know what happens in municipal offices, and as a taxpayer I want to know how this huge and expensive new machine of Town Planning is doing its work. From what I have seen of the latest 'development' which is turning central London, already overcrowded, into an overbuilt paradise for cubists and a nightmare for lovers of good and civilized building, Town Planning can sometimes be a polite term for Town Defacement.



The consultant psychiatrist discusses toy weapons with a mother in 'Children and Violence' in the series 'Lifeline' on June 4

In this script the author, A. C. Thomas, thought planning was doing well for his imagined town. What was wrong in his case was not the plan but the planners. The moral of a story which held me continuously was that, here as elsewhere, it is 'tough at the top'. Southwell, the head of the department, was a gifted but graceless careerist and a vessel of the driving force. He knew how to use his elbows and was merciless to a deputy far less metal-fibred than himself. Mitchell, one of the assistants, was learning how to use his elbows vigorously but less skilfully. Though Mitchell seemed at first to be more of a steel plate than a human being, it was the slick and not the steely type who won. Life under this town hall clock seemed to have a good deal in common with all-in wrestling.

But we met also the decent folk who put the housing of the people before the feathering of bureaucratic nests. No doubt Nalگو (National Association of Local Government Officers) will say that this example of town-scape painting was a bit unfair; a viewer like myself can say that he was thoroughly entertained by Alan Bromly's brisk, straightforward production and by some admirable acting in all sorts of parts. Geoffrey Keen as the chief did his sturdy self-seeking with convincing lack of feeling; Richard Leech was grimly persuasive as one who started to be tough and faltered on the way, and Bernard Horsfall gave us the essence of the 'smoothie' who knew that success would come to one who saw no need officiously to tell the truth.

The title of *The Gay Dog*, in which Wilfred Pickles appeared on the previous evening, suggested some strenuous pursuit of laughter, but Joseph Colton's piece gave us a breezy run round the dog-track while acquainting us with the financial adventures of a pitman who possessed a likely winner. Mr. Pickles, as Jim Gay the greyhound owner, did not have to attack us with hilarious charm, for this Mr. Gay had troubles of his own when he found that his own entry was to be up against a dog sired by the ever-famous Mick the Miller. It struck me as odd that this son of an all-conquering father could have been entered without some mention of his parentage getting on to the cards. However, assuming this to be possible, the story became one of a sly bit of starting-price jobbery atoned for by lavish generosity later on.

Various points emerged. Students of the Welfare State were made aware that in a mining

village bets of £20 or more on one race seem to be a common form of investment. For observers of television acting there was proof that Wilfred Pickles can render a straight part in a firm, easy manner and is all the better for being free of one of those Yorkshire roles which are loaded so full of 'character' that they soon begin to sink from excess of that cargo. The production by Vivian Daniels from the North of England studio was made with a light touch. Noel Dyson's performance as Mrs. Gay was a model of the natural, unforced style which is so much more effective on the screen than is an effort to be impres-



The Driving Force on June 7, with (left to right) Geoffrey Keen as Southwell, Bernard Horsfall as Philip Irwin, and Richard Leech as Mitchell



Catherine Feller as the bride and Katina Paxinou as the bridegroom's mother in *Blood Wedding* on June 2

sively the Yorkshire 'mum'. There was mercifully no attempt to make this a Ba Goom Show. A well-cast company never became larger than life in the telling of a neat enough story.

On Wednesday there began a new 'little revue' series whose name *On the Bright Side* turned out to be no extravagant claim. I can think of no two artists in this line better suited to move rapidly from one incisive sketch to another than Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter. The latter, a fine actor and not just a droll exploiting a few tricks of personality, is the best of our Scottish comedians, and in this case he was by no means asserting that he belonged to 'dear old Glasgow town'. Nothing was better than his very English mimicry of a famous military television star; he had the intonations and gestures

to perfection. Betty Marsden has proved in several of London's sharply written revues that she can get well beneath the skin of all the characters on the script-writers' list of victims. The series got off to a radiant start. The programme announced all names but those of the writer or writers: this deprived the public of well-justified information. Why not credits where credits are due?

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

History or Fiction?

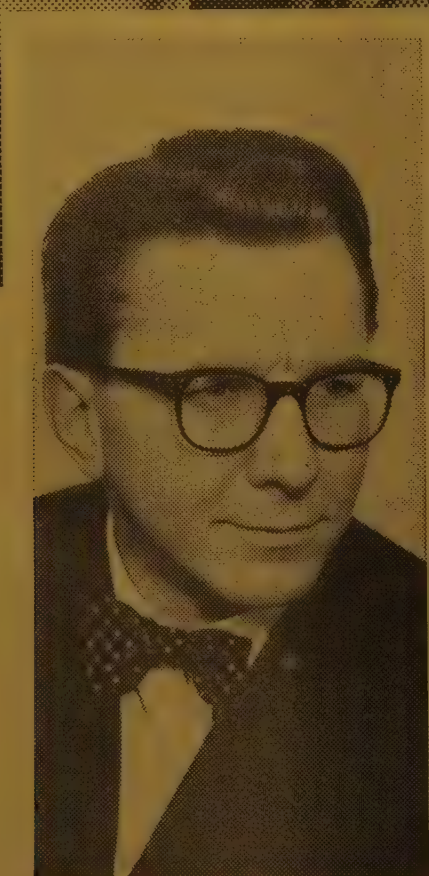
THOUGH THE HISTORY play can make special use of radio's freedom from time and place in setting, the amount of fictional licence to be allowed in historical dramatization remains questionable. Miss Mary Renault's *The God of the Crossroads* (June 1, Home), produced by Mr. Val Gielgud, was based on the bare facts of the baffling story of Alcibiades as it appears in Thucydides. As that master of objectivity refrained from speculation on the motives which led Alcibiades from youthful splendour to disgrace and exile, the field is open to the dramatist. Seeking explanation for Alcibiades's desertion before Syracuse, his siding with the hated Spartans, his horse-dealing with the Persians, and his final unaccountable military failure, Miss Renault goes once more to the debated ground which surrounds the mysterious incident of the mutilation of the Hermae. She suggests rather ingeniously that Alcibiades was framed and that he had nothing to do with the Hermae.

Having suggested this, I felt that she made more of a muddle of Alcibiades's motives than Thucydides did by leaving them on one side. I felt that she might have made a better play and a better sermon from the known facts of his life which suggests that he was symptomatic of one of the great ages in the history of civilization. Athens was too great and too wealthy and Alcibiades represented that delight and pride which always comes to a fall. Miss Renault very nearly created the atmosphere of Athens in the time of that city's greatness but there were moments when she resorted to a technique which smacked of Schools Broadcasting history lessons and American film biographies. In the style which always used to introduce Liszt in *Lives of the Great Composers*, Socrates is dragged in



A scene from the first episode of *The Widow of Bath* on June 1, with (left to right) Peter Sallis as Cady, Barbara Murray as Lucy Bath, John Justin as Hugh Everton, and Malcolm Keen as Gregory Bath

ON PEOPLE AND EVENTS



A newspaper is as
good as the people
who write for it

IN TELEVISION'S brief history many personalities have leapt into life on the glowing screen. Most fade out and are soon forgotten, but there are a few who emerge as genuine three-dimensional characters capable of inspiring honest, emotional and intellectual response in their audience. Robin Day is such a man. In his three years with television he came to epitomise, in the public mind, the *persona* of television newscasting and commentary. And not only in the public mind either. In 1957 television focused its discerning eye on Day and named him television's Personality of the Year.

Day was, however, a personality in his own right years before he stepped into television's limelight. At Oxford he was elected president of the Union and he was also a leading member of the University Liberal Club. In 1952, after coming down from Oxford, he was called to the Bar, but his interest in people, politics, diplomacy and humanity, led him to accept a job with the B.B.C. as a current affairs producer. In 1955 Independent Television News offered him an assignment as newscaster and political correspondent.

His television interviews have made front page news. People still remember him with Nasser in Cairo, with Nixon in Washington, with Truman, Dulles, Makarios, Gaitskill and the Prime Minister. And his reports from Port Said, Cyprus and Moscow succeeded brilliantly in providing a clear and concise interpretation of some of the knot-tiest political problems of our time. Occasions like these created the popular Day image of a tough and determined man, who introduced an authentic note into the rather stereotyped technique of interviewing. Other programmes, such as "Roving Report" and "Tell the People," gave him a chance to relax and show an impish sense of humour.

Early this year Day became prospective Liberal candidate for Hereford, and so had to give up his work with Independent Television News. He is now writing for the News Chronicle. His job is to cover people and events in print. Within those loose limits he is free to range as widely as he likes. His weekly column has all the pointedness and precision, thoughtfulness and feeling that have distinguished his television work.

News Chronicle

to swop small talk with Alcibiades, and there is even a moment when Alcibiades's ignorance of an up-and-coming youngster called Plato is used to pack the dialogue with historical irony. These may be trifling complaints but it is in attention to detail that historical dramatists have need for the greatest care.

Mr. R. F. Delderfield was more careful although further from known historical fact in his *Spark In Judea* (May 30, Home), which was produced by Mr. Noel Iliff. He went behind the scenes at the Crucifixion and suggested a new interpretation of the role of Pontius Pilate. Mr. Valentine Dyall as Pontius was noble enough but other members of the cast seemed at first to be rather too mundane in their handling of dialogue which had a suburban flavour. As the play developed and it was suggested that Pontius himself was on the road to becoming a Christian the suburban level of conversation appeared natural. Mr. Delderfield clearly intended to have ordinary rather than noble Romans and he succeeded in portraying a probable situation.

Mr. Giles Cooper's *Before The Monday* (June 4, Third) was as technically brilliant as any of his previous works. A girl delivering flowers comes across a man who wishes to die because he has become appalled by the astronomical ramifications of material life. He cannot shave because it reminds him of iron ore, cannot eat sardines because he can imagine tin coming from Peru and Portuguese fishermen and olive groves. The girl takes life (and him) as it comes and sets about restoring order. He is eventually overcome by her imperturbability and his obsession with Things is conquered by his recognition of her as a human being. Rather unfairly and simply to make the thing into a play Mr. Cooper makes the girl inherit the man's obsession, and one hears her worrying about church bells as the man skips off gaily to church on the following morning. Played brilliantly by Miss Frances Cuka, Mr. Kenneth Griffith, and Mr. Toke Townley, this play was not as simple as it sounded. Mr. Cooper is still one of our only true radio writers.

Mr. W. O. Mitchell's *The Devil's Instrument* (June 4, Home) was a Canada Week contribution which used the bizarre setting of a Hutterite community in Alberta to debate the anti-Calvinistic thesis that God is not always on the side of the straight-laced ascetic. The style of presentation was similar to the one used in *Lies My Father Told Me* and employed that avuncular kind of narrator beloved in North America. As the narrator was also meant to be the Devil describing the way in which a young Hutterite escapes from the tyranny of the community and joins his already exiled brother in normal society, his avuncular attitude seemed out of place. It was good to hear fresh voices but the cast surprised me by possessing Stratford, Ontario, accents. If this play is standard fare it is clear that Canadians take their pleasures seriously.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

One Refugee

'THE STORY OF NICOLAS MITETICH', a programme devised in connexion with the World Refugee Year and broadcast on Sunday, May 31 (Home), could hardly have been better conceived as an illustration to its plea. Devoid of generalities—even the most edifying of these can defeat their purpose—and equally free from numbing statistics, it fastened itself to its subject and, I should say, to even the most casual listeners' attention from the start. This was the straightly told story of one refugee. The endless multiplication of similar cases was left to speak for itself.

Nicolas Mitetich was one of the unlucky ones, no longer young, whose character and career were fixed when the war shook his world out of its socket. With the end of the war, the new régime in his own country and his own administrative record make return impossible. There follows a long sequence of attempts to find, from a refugee camp, a place in another country where he can live by his hands, if not by his now unwanted talents as a lawyer. But age and health disqualify him time after time; hope and character dry up in the process. A forlorn human relationship within the camp ends in a disastrous love affair. Illness comes, and with it a feeling of premature old age, until, a victim of official unconcern himself, Mitetich finds he can help hundreds of fellow refugees by acting as liaison between them and the official outside world. He dies—almost happy in this work—seventeen years after first entering a prison camp.

Apart from its intrinsic merits, this programme was of special interest as an example of transatlantic broadcasting technique—it was made in the studios of the United Nations Radio in New York. The production, by Gerald Kean and Erik Valters, used what might be called the basic vocabulary of sound-effects in its handling of Stanley Wright's script. The resulting effect was simple, uninhibited, yet in no way over-emotional. The limits of what can be conveyed by background noises are so narrow that anyone handling them for long is bound to come up against the fear of doing the obvious. He may react by attempting the all too ingenious, which results in guessing games for the listener. In the present case, the basic effects—from ticking clock to magnified, echoing voices—were handled with complete certainty, and this, together with the steady, relentless rhythm of the whole piece made it possible, for instance, to allow voices to overlap with no more than the intended effect. There was no sense of fuss.

Fuss, on the other hand, was rather the order of the day in the programme to celebrate Big Ben's hundredth birthday (June 3, Home). The only completely unembarrassed contributor was the centenarian himself. The close-up recordings of the monster's inner workings were immensely impressive, and might have furnished a background for some up-to-date allegory by an up-to-date Edgar Allan Poe. How to tackle the obvious was much better illustrated by Alastair Cooke (May 31), whose good, dogged, and unmistakable voice is just now retailing impressions not from America but from a selection of points on the tourist's map of Europe. Going to Spain, what could Mr. Cooke do but take the bull by the horns? Which he did; and his fifteen minutes' talk on the bull-fight seemed to me to add up to more, for the outsider, than an aficionado's whole book on the subject. This is a subject that nearly always splits up into separated facets—tragic, comic, ritual, mystic, routine, ridiculous. To add them up into an all-round, analytic unity was a remarkable feat, carried out with the utmost modesty.

The present state of the film industry, being the international question it is, ought to have been an excellent subject for 'Radio Link'. But the discussion of Thursday, June 4, turned out to be a tremendously slow, laborious, and round-about business. All taking part were accredited high-ups in the film worlds of Italy, France, England, Germany, and the United States. And perhaps that was the trouble. A bunch of interested outsiders from the same countries might have been better able to distinguish the trees from the wood. The gist of what we learnt was what we know already—that films have passed through a boom they may never see again, and can no longer count on flooding a passive market with any kind of product. The 'remedies' propounded for this situation were all about

equally vague. So much so that I began to wonder if the situation itself might not be a cure for some of the most obvious ills. And it seems strange that, in an art-industry which has been geared from the beginning to the bosses and big organizations, it has always been the out-of-the-way, unpredictable talent, from Chaplin to Ingmar Bergman, that has made the history, and the box-office grade as well.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

From Pittsburgh to Hell

THE BROADCAST of the London Philharmonic Orchestra's 'Music of the Twentieth Century' (June 2, Third) conducted by William Steinberg produced what was in effect a cross-section of the present state of certain mature, elderly composers *vis-à-vis* society, a subject that is causing some of the younger men, such as Michael Tippett, a good deal of anguish. Here were three of these men showing their paces with new works.

There was Hindemith (the Pittsburgh Symphony, an occasional piece written for civic celebrations there) flirting with the huge public in Pittsburgh and elsewhere, with a Dutch folk song and an American popular song as sops. Then Stravinsky sternly climbing the spiral staircase inside his ivory tower until he reaches the lookout platform and gazes out over what is evidently a grim landscape, his 1958 *Threni*. Matyas Seiber then appears, coming right down to earth on a visit to Mr. Johnny Dankworth and a kind of party in which each does his best to outdo the other in generosity and general mateyness; what is called 'seeing the other man's point of view' which mostly results in seeing no further than the end of your own nose. But here, in these stimulating *Improvisations for jazz band and symphony orchestra*, things went otherwise. This was something earnest and real, a work of close integration, more successful than one had dared hope to hear, music full of interest, in fact a work of art. The Hindemith proved to be no more than true to type, a fine type, of course; as it were a man using a technique so easy under his hand that he could make it function in his sleep. The Stravinsky sounded tense and its *Spychgesang* (or was it perhaps just ordinary muttering) very dramatic, the whole clearly comprehensible, musically at least, and withal an unexpected romantic element there, as if a man were looking nostalgically back to his past.

The Exchange Concert between Germany and England, an exhausting occurrence for anyone listening in continual concentration, was worth hearing for the excellence of the performances (June 5, Third). The Norddeutscher Rundfunk Orchester under Schmidt-Isserstedt giving admirable attention to the English music, and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Rudolf Schwarz dealing no less admirably with the German music. That apart, the event was disillusioning. What governed the choice of works was hard to discover. All four were filled out with expostulation, Fricker's *Dance Scene* the least ejaculatory and thus the most interesting and agreeable. The other English work, Robert Simpson's Second Symphony, suffered from coming at the end of the concert when the ear was no longer fresh, certainly not able to cope with so much intensity of expression. The German works—Fortner's *Fantasy on the name of Bach* and Blacher's *Orchester-Ornament*, a display piece in the manner of the modern Concerto for Orchestra—soon turned into the merest note-spinning and were wearisome to follow through to their respective endings.

The first of two concerts of works by Anthony



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Milner (June 5, Third; the second is due tomorrow) showed him, in his early thirties, as a composer now of considerable attainment, a judgment which I believe will be sustained when his new orchestral work is heard at the Cheltenham Festival next month. This concert was all of vocal music, an area that Milner has mapped out for himself and one in which he moves with ease and assurance. There is still a trace of naivety in the workings of his mind, as was heard last week in the cantata *The Harrowing of Hell*, a remarkable piece of a *capella* writing that held one's attention and enriched one's vision until abruptly, near the end, the rich musical fabric was torn by an outburst of raw noise, as the demons (I think they were that)

answered with a yell the Son of Man's pronouncement 'I am God'. It was as though a vicious grin distorted the fine fair visage of the work. Otherwise the cantata was very impressive, as were also two anthems of a beautiful texture and a compelling devotional ecstasy.

It is by no means a useless activity to listen solely to the music of an opera already known to one; a maimed rite, of course, but revealing, nevertheless. Simply as sound the broadcast last Sunday of Strauss's and Hofmannsthal's *Der Rosenkavalier* from Glyndebourne (Third) offered much that was delightful in the way of vivid orchestral playing and, from the female voices, enchanting singing. Only from the women, one may ask? Not from Ochs? Not in

the same degree, I felt. Ochs is a great 'character' and he must be seen to be believed. Musically the least significant he wilts as a disembodied voice, for all that Oscar Czerwenka sounded lively enough and got his laughs from the onlookers. The final Trio—with Régine Crespin as the Marschallin, Elisabeth Söderström as Octavian, Anneliese Rothenberger as Sophie—was as lovely as ever. There were also those two amazing entrances, the long-awaited appearance of Octavian before Sophie, the unexpected, startling appearance of the Marschallin before the tottering Ochs. They never fail on the stage, and this Sunday night, as sheer sound, they became once again moments of astonishing dramatic power.

SCOTT GODDARD

'The British Worthy'

By A. K. HOLLAND

Purcell's 'King Arthur' will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Wednesday, June 17 (Home)

UNLIKE the rest of Purcell's stage-works, *King Arthur* has a respectable history both in the theatre and, as a *pis aller*, on the concert-platform. Many famous actors followed Betterton, the original creator, in the title-role—Garrick who revived it in 1770 with additional music by Dr. Arne, Kemble who played it with Mrs. Siddons as the blind heroine, and Macready whose pastiche version in 1842 appears to have been the latest until the Cambridge production of 1928. As an eighteenth-century versifier (quoted by Mr. Arundell) has it:

When Dryden's gay Venus comes forth with a smile,

To chant the bless'd boon of her favourite isle,
The soul of great Purcell it bursts from the tomb,
And listening flutters with joy round the dome.

Modern interest in the work dates from the Birmingham Festival of 1897 when J. A. Fuller Maitland edited a concert-version, the first of several attempts to make it intelligible in the concert-hall. An old programme in my possession, with the half-forgotten names of Mr. Bispham, Mr. Ben Davies and Miss Ada Crossley among the principals, tells us that in the editor's opinion 'the music has so little to do with the main action of the piece, that the title is something of a misnomer. The summary of the play incorporated with the words of the vocal portions will show how entirely the musical numbers are subsidiary to the plot'.

This is not quite the case. For *King Arthur* or, as Dryden's sub-title has it, *The British Worthy*, is distinguished from Purcell's other semi-operas by the fact that it was designed from the outset as a 'dramatic opera'. Dryden is at pains to point this out in the well-known preface in which he acknowledges, with no excessive grace, the importance of Purcell's contribution. In point of fact, the singing characters rather outnumber the principals who do not sing—in particular, Arthur, Oswald, his Saxon rival, and Emmeline for whose hand they contend. Dryden's theory of opera was that the singing should be confined to supernatural characters and to those of humble birth such as shepherds whose idyllic calling gave them plenty of leisure for making verses and love. So while it is true that the chief protagonists are spoken parts, the chief singing roles are none the less integral to the story and action, though some of the episodes may seem to be attached to the drama by a somewhat tenuous thread.

Dryden had originally planned his great

patriotic spectacle on the lines of the French *comédie-ballet* with a prologue in praise of the monarchy. This latter, entitled 'Albion and Albanus' was in rehearsal when Charles II died and was expanded into a full-length work to include his successor, James. Composed by the Frenchman, Grétry, it turned out a complete flop. Purcell had meanwhile begun to make his name in the theatre and with *Dioclesian* in 1690 he eclipsed the mediocre Grétry and caught the attention of Dryden. The result was the production in the following year of the main spectacle with music by Purcell and dances arranged by the same Josias Priest who had already collaborated in *Dido and Aeneas*.

So far was Purcell from being overawed by his august associate, who was very much his senior in years and experience of the theatre, that he did not scruple to alter and excise Dryden's text in places for the sake of euphony and clarity. How much of Dryden's verse he omitted to set cannot be gauged, for it is by no means certain that the whole of the music has survived. So the sourness of Dryden's remarks in the preface where he apologizes for having had to cramp his style and make his verses 'rugged to the reader that they may be harmonious to the hearer' is possibly accounted for by the unnamed liberties that Purcell himself took. However, he handsomely compliments his young colleague by saying that 'there is nothing better than what I intended but the music' and it is well to bear in mind that despite the alleged uncouthness and occasional absurdities of the text, *King Arthur* is far from being contemptible as a dramatic conception.

The First Act, after the usual preliminaries of entertainment-music and overtures, contains the sacrificial scene in which the Saxons seek to propitiate their pagan gods before the battle. The encounter is presumed to take place off-stage with 'drums, trumpets and military shouts and excursions', during the course of which the orchestra plays a short battle-symphony. The triumphant Britons then enter with their war-like 'Come if you dare' chorus. Act II is concerned much more with the subsidiary characters who indeed play a considerable part in the plot. Oswald, the Saxon king, has the services of a magician Osmond who in turn controls Grimbald, 'a fierce earthy spirit' and Philidel 'an airy spirit', the Caliban and Ariel of the story. The latter has however yielded to the arts of Merlin, Arthur's private enchanter,

and in the scene in the marsh frustrates the efforts of Grimbald to lead the Britons astray. This scene with the voices of the two spirits (soprano and bass) and the charming antiphonal choruses, is dramatically one of the aptest in the whole work. In the next scene Emmeline, left alone during the war-like proceedings, is entertained somewhat incongruously (seeing that she is blind) with a pastoral in song and dance ('How blest are shepherds') and at the end, when they have departed, is surprised and carried off by the fleeing Oswald.

Act III is complicated by the machinations of the rival wizards. Philidel with the aid of Merlin succeeds in restoring Emmeline's sight, but she succumbs to the attentions of Oswald's sorcerer, Osmond, who having drugged his master, attempts to seduce Emmeline by conjuring up a land of ice and snow to show how love can warm the frozen heart. This is the famous frost scene with its curiously notated *tremolando* effects in the voice part. The latter, derived possibly from the example of Lully's *Isis*, is less remarkable than the chromatic harmony with which Purcell has invested the raising of the Cold Genius, an episode that has been likened to the awakening of Erda in Wagner's *Ring*.

Act IV is set in an enchanted wood where Arthur is beguiled by river-sirens but is protected by Philidel. Part of the music for this scene appears to have been lost but the act is redeemed by the wonderful passacaglia, a chain of solo, duet and chorus movements on Purcell's grandest scale. A grotesque element is provided by the magical appearance of Grimbald in the form and guise of Emmeline but a touch of the faithful Philidel's wand exposes the imposture and the wood and all its enchantment vanishes.

In the last act Arthur and Oswald meet in single combat, and the victorious Arthur is united with his beloved Emmeline. Merlin conjures up a vision of the Britain that is to be and various allegorical figures participate in a masque. As a divertissement designed to round off the whole operatic pantomime, this is good theatre. Aeolus calms the storm in the British Ocean and Britannia is discovered enthroned on her 'Fairest Isle'. Britain's prosperity in the fishing and woollen industries is celebrated; there is a harvest-home chorus and Venus sings the famous patriotic song (a French minuet, as the late Professor Dent insisted) while Honour hails St. George 'the patron of our isle'.

Planning Next Year's Flower Beds

By F. R. McQUOWN



MANY GARDENERS will have cleared some of their flower beds of perennials for a time, so as to get them well cultivated and free from weeds. Now is the time to plan what to do with these beds. If they are in fairly good condition and weed-free you might well turn them back to permanent planting with perennials this autumn. On the other hand, if you are not sure about them, you may think it better to put in temporary plants this autumn which will flower next spring or summer and then be cleared out. Among good temporary plants for spring flowering are wallflowers, both the ordinary and the Siberian, forget-me-nots, and pansies.

Almost any biennials can be used for summer flowering: Canterbury bells are a favourite of mine, and you can get white, pink, or blue ones. Coreopsis give a good splash of yellow, and are most useful for cutting. Another useful plant is the Iceland poppy, in mixed colours of yellow, orange, red, and pink. The old-fashioned honesty is always popular, with its purple flowers and white, papery seed pods that are so useful for drying. Do not forget foxgloves and sweet williams. All these are normally grown from seed.

When we come to permanent plants, that is to say herbaceous perennials and shrubs, things

are a little more difficult. The advantages of growing from seed are cheapness—especially if you want many plants—and the fact that seedlings are usually strong and vigorous. But seedlings take longer to flower than cuttings or divided roots; so the first thing to consider is whether the plant is easily propagated by division, cuttings, or layers. If it is, it may be better to buy one or two good plants and propagate them rather than sow seed. Another consideration is whether the plant comes true from seed.

I think sowing in seed boxes is best, and I always use a sterilized compost, such as the John Innes seed compost, because this avoids weeds. Fill the boxes to within about half an inch of the top, and give them a good soaking of clean water. Then place the seeds on the compost, spacing them if they are large enough to do so. If they are too small to space, sprinkle them as evenly as possible. Very small seeds can be mixed with a little dry sand, and this helps to spread them evenly. Never cover them too deeply. Sift a little dry compost through something with a fine mesh and cover the seeds with a fine soil to about twice their own thickness, not more. Very small seeds just need setting into place with a dusting of dry sand.

Fit a piece of glass over the box and put it

in a shady place in the garden. If the glass fits well you will not have to water much, but do not let the soil get dry. When you water, put the box in a pan of water, or in the sink; do not have the water higher than about half-an-inch below the surface of the soil, and let it soak up. Keep the glass on the seeds until they have germinated, and as soon as you see the seedlings coming through lift the glass slightly off the box by putting something small, such as a matchstick, under it, so as to let in a little air. Increase the air day by day, until after about four or five days you have got the glass off altogether.

When the seedlings are big enough to handle they should be transplanted into other boxes, spacing them out carefully—one-and-a-half inches for the smaller plants and two inches or so for the larger ones. You can use the John Innes No. 1 compost, or you can make your own. I use two parts garden soil, one part peat, and a three-and-a-half-inch pot of bone meal to each two gallons of soil.

When the seedlings are large enough they can be put into their flowering positions, keeping them well watered. If the flower beds are not ready, and the seedlings show signs of getting rootbound, they will have to go into a reserve bed.—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

Two Bids in the Acol System

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



During the next few weeks Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will discuss some of the bidding systems and conventions that have been used in recent Bridge programmes on Network Three.

IN RECENT bidding matches some of the players have announced their system as 'CAB', some as 'Strong Two', some as 'Acol': not to mention the rest. It may sound a little puzzling, but in fact these systems are much the same. The difference is found in the strong calls that turn up on perhaps one hand in twenty. In the world of tournament bridge, the system most widely played is Acol. The name comes from a club that used to exist in Acol Road, Hampstead.

Acol has two types of bid for strong hands: a conventional Two Clubs, forcing to game except in one sequence, and the Acol Two Bid, which is forcing for one round. The Two Club bid is reserved mostly for hands that are very strong in aces and kings: the Two Bid (Two Spades, Two Hearts and Two Diamonds) for hands that are powerful in distribution. It may be a two-suited hand or there may be just one strong suit.

These are some hands from recent broadcasts on which an Acol Two Bid was opened:

WEST	EAST
♠ 10	♠ 7 3 2
♥ A J 10 9 3 2	♥ 8 6 5 4
♦ K	♦ A Q 10 5 4
♣ A K Q 8 3	♣ 7

This hand was in one of the bidding matches for married partnerships. West has a sound Two Bid, but not a lot to spare. Make the 10 of hearts a small one and it will be on the borderline between One Heart and Two.

The negative response to a Two opening is Two No-trumps. With good support for hearts and a quick trick, East can make a positive response. There is not much to choose between Three Hearts, agreeing the suit, and Three Diamonds; either is in order.

In the same event there was a hand in which either partner, had he been dealer, could have opened with a Two Bid.

WEST	EAST
♠ A K 9 8 7	♠ J 6 2
♥ Q	♥ A K J 10 8 7 6
♦ A Q 10 7 5 4 2	♦ —
♣ —	♣ A Q 6

West, with his strong two-suiter, has an obvious Two Diamond opening. Had East been the dealer, he could have opened Two Hearts. A

fair test to apply on this type of one-suit hand is to count the playing tricks: if they add up to a fairly solid eight, that makes it a sound Two Bid, provided there are a few top tricks among them.

East has six sure playing tricks in hearts and the Ace of clubs. There is also a good chance of a seventh trick in hearts, plus the Queen of clubs, the Jack of spades, and fairly strong distribution. In short, it just about adds up to eight playing tricks and a minimum Two Bid.

Any positive response to a Two opening is forcing for two rounds and in practice almost always forcing to game. But when the response is Two No-trumps the opener's rebid is not forcing unless it is a jump in a new suit. Thus a sequence such as Two Hearts—Two No-trumps—Three Hearts can be passed when the responder has a valueless hand. Even Two Hearts—Two No-trumps—Three Diamonds is not unconditionally forcing.

The Acol Two Bid takes care of those powerful hands that are difficult to rebid even when partner is able to respond to a bid of One. It is both effective and economical, for in one bid it shows a hand of power and quality.

Next week's article will describe the Acol Two Club opening.

How To Use Cornflour Successfully

By DORA SETON



CORNFLOUR IS a product of maize or Indian corn, prepared by washing away the protein and fat in a special solution so that the powder which is left is mostly very fine starch. It is an agreeable form of starch, well adapted for use in cooking. The texture, to me, feels rather like touching a piece of soft velvet or silk. This fine, starchy flour is used in the making of puddings, sauces, gravies, fillings for pastry, fruit cakes, and so on. It is used in moulds and in marmalades because it sets with a sort of 'short', smooth texture, and it leaves the mould more cleanly than do the sticky jells given by other starches such as tapioca and arrowroot. You can add different flavourings and colours, and it is an excellent way to get children to take their ration of milk.

Fruit moulds can be made by stewing fruit, straining it through a sieve, adding blended cornflour, and making it in the same way as a mould. Mustard powder has a cornflour base and is, in fact, little more than coloured cornflour: this is the reason for the smooth texture. Cornflour is also used for many sweet sauces such as jam, chocolate, pineapple, and lemon, which add sweetness and flavour to so many puddings. A wide variety of flavourings can be added, and most recipe books give the basic recipe. You can also buy cornflour already flavoured.

One thing to remember is to blend the cornflour with a little of the cold liquid, stir and pour the boiling liquid on to it. This is much better than adding the blended cornflour to the boiling liquid, as it is less likely to become lumpy. Stir it when bringing it to the boil.

When you are making fruit flans they look

more professional if you glaze them. Make a sauce with some of the syrup from the tin or the juice of stewed fruit, boiled up of course, and some blended cornflour, and coat the fruit with it. Arrowroot may give a more transparent glaze but cornflour gives a smoother and less sticky one.

Cakes, biscuits, baked and steamed puddings are lighter and have a better texture if some cornflour is mixed with ordinary flour, as it makes a lighter flour. It is particularly useful for very light mixtures, such as sponge sandwiches. Rich fruit cakes require a strong flour, so it is not advisable to use cornflour when a large quantity of fruit is needed; and it should not be used when making bread or other yeast mixtures, as these require a strong flour with plenty of gluten in it.

Some pleasant fillings for tarts and tartlets can be made, too. Cream butter and sugar together, add the egg, and use cornflour instead of flour in the same way as a cream-cake mixture, then add fruit juice, ground almonds, or other flavourings spread over the pastry, and bake in the usual way.

Cornflour is most useful in milk diets for invalids, particularly when patients find milk difficult to digest: the addition of cooked cornflour helps to soften any curd formed in the milk.

It is a useful ingredient in dusting powder or talc, again because it is so fine. You can make a dusting powder easily by sifting together equal parts of cornflour and white Fuller's earth, with half as much boracic powder and a few drops of perfume. If you find you are without starch on a washing day, make a thin paste with cornflour and water and use it instead of the usual

starch. You can also use cornflour for making a paste for sticking down labels, parcels, and many odd jobs. Mix some cornflour with a little water to a creamy paste, cook it in a double saucepan until it thickens, add a little sugar and a few drops of oil of cloves. It will keep indefinitely.—'Woman's Hour'

Notes on Contributors

G. W. KEETON (page 1007): Professor of English Law, University College, London University; author of *The Law of Trusts*, *The Passing of Parliament*, etc.

R. J. C. ATKINSON (page 1015): Professor of Archaeology, University of Wales; Lecturer in Prehistoric Archaeology, Edinburgh University, 1949-58; author of *Field Archaeology and Stonehenge*

MAGNUS PYKE (page 1017): Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; manager of a yeast research station in Scotland; author of *The Townsman's Food*, *Nothing Like Science*, etc.

ARTHUR LING (page 1019): city architect and planning officer, Coventry

J. A. JOLOWICZ (page 1022): Assistant Lecturer in Law, Cambridge University, and Fellow of Trinity College

M. A. HOSKIN (page 1026): Lecturer in the History of Science, Leicester University; has been appointed Lecturer in the History of Science, Cambridge University

A. K. HOLLAND (page 1041): music critic of the *Liverpool Daily Post*; author of *Henry Purcell* and *The Songs of Delius*

Crossword No. 1,515

l₂ f₂ d₈ h₁ a₁ g₁ h₃ j₇ b₁ c₁ c₃ n₄ c₂

By Egma

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, June 18. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

appropriate quotation, title, and author are set out horizontally in the manner suggested by the title.

CLUES—ACROSS

- 1-l. A pound to be put on (3)
a-e. Took once for Latin (3)

b c d e f g h i j k l m n o



ME.....
DRESS.....

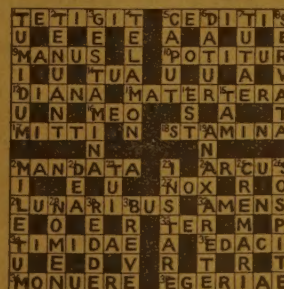
- f-h. Cook again with ash from Indian soil (3)
m-o. First and fifth notes—follow closely (3)
6 c-e. Alternatively, book in the circle (3)
f-j. Young skate to mother carp (4)
8 k-m. Kind of square, but supports ball (3)
10 d-g. Wild cat Jane (4)
j-l. Bath that could be filled with coal (3)

DOWN

- a 10, 1, 3, 2, 4. Former Scottish star back (5)
5-9. May sound like modern clothing handed down from parents to children (5)
b 7, 5, 2, 1. General loses a couple (4)
3, 8, 10, 4, 9, 6. Shakespearian rebuke—a sober question (6)
c 5, 2, 8, 10. Girl who doesn't amount to much (4)
9, 6, 4, 1, 3, 7. Me in Buffalo Bill! It should make you laugh (6)
d 2, 9, 4, 3, 10, 6. Holiday Islands? (6)
5, 8, 7, 1. Service the traveller could dispense with (4)
e 6, 8, 2. Receptacle for garden shrub (3)
9, 7, 10. Your garden shrub without me (3)
5, 3, 1, 4. Drop at the bottom of the garden (4)
f 5, 3, 1, 8, 9, 7, 10. One who cheats upsets him (7)
4, 2, 6. Gypsy item in the Proms! (3)
g 2, 7, 8, 1. Vat is this! (4)
6, 3, 5, 4, 10, 9. How Daisy would look sweet? (6)
h 4, 6, 5, 1. Hastens or hurries about (4)
2, 8, 3, 10, 9, 7. Anger, almost a disease (6)
j 7, 2, 8, 10, 4, 3. Talk glibly and strike often (6)
5, 9, 1, 6. Declare, at cards not cricket (4)

- k 4, 7, 2, 3, 1, 5, 6. Harry the hero, lazy rascal (7)
9, 10, 8. Young blood. More than one would be crazy (3)
l 1, 8, 2. Lamb early (3)
10, 6, 5, 7. Curses old Hungarian rulers (4)
3, 9, 4. In short, what a copper weighs (3)
m 3, 4, 6, 7. Tots confused fathers (4)
5, 1, 2, 9, 10, 8. Happen in Shakespeare (6)
n 2, 9, 4, 3, 5. At the risk of being in beer, by oneself (5)
8, 10, 1, 7, 6. Fictional villain with cheap cigarette-lit! (5)
o 4, 1, 6, 3, 10, 7, 8. Piercing noise in grasshopper (7)
5, 2, 9. Goddess of dead, almost in Hades (3)

Solution of No. 1,513



NOTES

Across: (1) XIV. 387; (5) XIV. 795; (9) IV. 740; (10) IX. 60; (11) V. 505; (12) XII. 35; (13) III. 313; (16) VIII. 393; (17) XII. 445; (18) V. 576; (20) XIV. 460; (24) II. 129; (27) I. 721; (28) X. 296; (32) IV. 515; (33) VII. 261; (34) XIII. 111; (35) XV. 354; (36) XV. 491; (37) XV. 547.
Down: (1) I. 460; (2) III. 396; (3) I. 457; (4) VII. 647; (5) XI. 569; (6) VII. 8; (7) XIII. 769; (8) IV. 703; (14) X. 501; (15) VI. 84; (19) XIV. 718; (20) IX. 444; (21) III. 254; (22) II. 294; (23) XV. 794; (25) XIII. 696; (26) XV. 440; (29) VIII. 592; (30) XIII. 78; (31) IX. 793.

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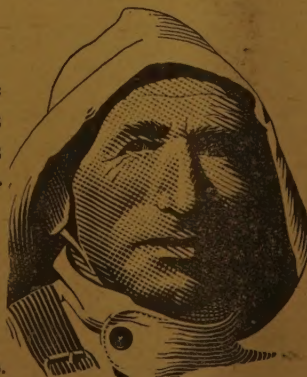
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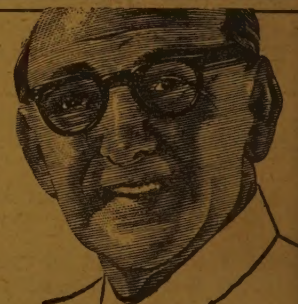
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